

UNIVERSITY OF PITTSBURGH



Darlington Memorial Library



PART I.

PRICE 1s.

RELIQUES

OF

IRISH JACOBITE POETRY;

WITH

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES OF THE AUTHORS,

INTERLINEAR LITERAL TRANSLATIONS,

AND HISTORICAL ILLUSTRATIVE NOTES,

BY JOHN DALY;

TOGETHER WITH

METRICAL VERSIONS BY EDWARD WALSH.

AN TEANZAO SAOJDEJSE.

"Ar iread ba blarda, ba cnearda, ba fion-liomea,
ba oite, ba aite, ba capad a m-buig bh-zuib;
Ba fnaigte, ba rnaiglaime nacairnead saoir-laoite,
Nj h-ionan 'r glaraimeac mallaigte an b-fion-naimde."
Doycag Caac na Maczanna.

THE IRISH LANGUAGE.

Unlike the jargon of our Saxon foe,
On raptur'd ear it pours its copious flow,
Most feeling, mild, polite, and polish'd tongue,
That learned sage e'er spoke, or poet sung!

Denis Mahony the Blind.

DUBLIN:

SAMUEL J. MACHEN, 28, WESTMORELAND-STREET,
AND ALL BOOKSELLERS.

1844.

London

J. R. Smith

4. Old Compton St. Soho.

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Gentlemen who may have in their possession, or could easily procure copies of songs, elegies, or metrical compositions of any kind, which they may wish to see in print, will confer a signal favour on the Editor, and aid in an important national labour by communicating them. The name of every such contributor will be publicly acknowledged, and he shall be entitled to a copy of the number in which the communication appears. Those who may not have an opportunity of sending direct to the Editor, may forward their communications to the Publisher.

** * Editors of Papers, who may notice these Songs, are requested to send copies of the Paper direct to the Editor.*

IRISH SONGS.

“ Dear Harp of my Country ! in darkness I found thee,
The cold chain of silence had hung o’er thee long ;
When proudly, my own Island Harp ! I unbound thee
And gave all thy chords to light, freedom, and Song ! ”

Moore.

Ἀ ἄσπι-ἑρμυτ μο δῦϊττε ! ἃ η-δῦβ-ἑαρδ δο φυαίι τυ,
Ἀ η-δουβ-ἑεανζαλ δουαρειρ ζαν φυαρζαίτ le real ;
Ἀέ, ζο μόβιαέ μο ἑρμυ-ἑριος, ρζαοιρῑεαδ le φυαρῑεαρ
Do éada cum gluaírdé, ζαν buaíreab, ζαν éeal.

“ Give me the Songs of my Country, and I will give you the hearts of
her People.”

TO THE PUBLIC.

In undertaking such a work as I am now about laying before my countrymen, I do not feel influenced by any other motive, than that of a sincere desire of preserving our old and *soul-stirring* Songs from decay and destruction ; and though it must be admitted that very many of them are now extinct, yet, by your patronage, I trust I shall be able to publish many of the beautiful Songs of Ireland in their native language and original purity, and leave them on record to posterity.

Centuries of oppression and *direful* persecution have now rolled away, and the “ cold chain of silence ” which hung over us during these years of Saxon *misrule* and *unrelenting tyranny* is now for ever broken. During this period of *treachery* and *tumult*, at the hand of the “ *Saxon*,” the “ *Foe*,” and the “ *Stranger*,” Ireland’s brave and patriotic Sons severely felt the gall and bitterness of malicious rancour—the *pitch-cap* and the *triangle*—their Clergy doomed to take refuge on the hills and in the valleys, where they patiently endured all the privations they had to undergo, without any other comfort than what the consolation of religion afforded—their bards ever ready to expose the cruel deeds of the “ *Invader*,” were *hunted like wolves*, till their race became almost extinct, and now, very few remain to tell the sad tale, or lament over the wails of his country.

At a moment like the present, every exertion should be made to restore, if possible, the sweet and pathetic Songs of Ireland—the Songs written by her bards at the period of her bitterest woes, too long neglected—too long forgotten, and give them to the people and the land they belong to.

Ireland indeed stands indebted to Mr. Hardiman for rescuing very many of her Songs from oblivion; but, Mr. Hardiman's collection was published in such a manner, as to put it entirely out of the reach of the parties for whom such a work should be intended, I mean, the *Irish peasantry*.

In bringing out my little work the plan which I intend pursuing will be this:—The work will be printed in numbers, of eight octavo pages, good paper, and beautiful clear type, at the small price of one penny. The first number will be an introduction to the language, comprising a series of short and simple rules, by which any man of common understanding after one or two careful perusals, will be able to read any Irish book with ease. Each succeeding number will contain, at least, two Irish Songs, with short notes and *literal* translations; also, biographical notices of the writers, when practicable. With the last number will be given a title, index, and a general preface to the work, so as to enable purchasers to bind up their volumes at the close of its publication. The price charged will hardly realise the expense incurred by such an undertaking, but Ireland's Sons must feel proud of such an opportunity as the present affords, for possessing themselves of the songs of their country.—On the whole, it shall be conducted in such a manner as to render it in every way pleasing and satisfactory to the public, to whom I shall at all times feel thankful for any suggestions they may give, or alterations they may deem advisable; because in carrying on such a work, I do not consider myself any more than the servant of the parties for whom it is intended.

Persons having manuscript Songs or Poems in their possession, which they would wish to see in print, will be pleased to have them duly forwarded. Such contributions shall be thankfully received and acknowledged by me, and the names of the contributors shall be mentioned in the number, in which the article appears. An Elegy on the death of the Rev. Nicholas Sheehy, who was executed in Clonmel, on the 15th of March, 1766, with *historical notes* and *translation*, is in preparation, and shall appear in due course, with such other favours as the public may think fit to place at my disposal.

JOHN DALY.

Kilkenny, Nov., 1843.

INTRODUCTION TO THE IRISH LANGUAGE.

CHAP. I.—*Un céd C41b1d1ol.*

Of the Letters or Alphabets, called by the Irish, Aibgijm
 $\text{n o p q r s t u v x y z e}$.

In the Irish language there are but seventeen letters, viz. :

Figures.	Corresponding English letters.	Names.
א.	A. a.	אלימ.
ב.	B. b.	בֶּעֶרֶ.
ג.	C. c.	קוֹל.
ד.	D. d.	דוּלִי.
ה.	E. e.	עֶאֱדָא.
ו.	F. f.	פֶּאֶרֶן.
ז.	G. g.	גֶּוֹרֶע.
ח.	H. i.	יֶוֹדָא.
ט.	L. l.	לִיִּר.
מ.	M. m.	מִיִּר.
נ.	N. n.	נִיִּר.
ו.	O. o.	וִוִּי.
פ.	P. p.	פֶּעֶרֶ.
ר.	R. r.	רִיִּר.
ס.	S. s.	סִיִּל.
ע.	T. t.	טֶעֶינע.
א.	U. u.	אִי.

h, is often used in the Irish language, though not counted a vowel or consonant, but an *aspiration* only, and therefore omitted in the foregoing Table.

K, Q, W, X, Y, Z, are seldom or never made use of in the Irish language, except *K*, which is sometimes written for *cā*, or *cāc*, *Q*, written for *cū*, and *X*, for the number ten. When *K* is used, it is called *colláim*, and *Q*, is called *collúir*, or *ceirir*.

These seventeen Irish letters are divided into vowels and consonants, viz. *gúcláðe*, *agur conroiníðe*. The vowels are five in number *a*, *e*, *i*, *o*, *u*, of which three are *broad*,* *a*, *o*, *u*, and the other two *small*,* *e*, and *i*.

The consonants are twelve in number, viz. b, c, d, f, g, h, m, n, p, r, s, and are divided into *Mutable*s and *Immutables*. The *Mutable*s are such as by the addition of an h. or by a full point thus (·) placed over them, signifying the

* *Broad and Small*, means *broad* or *full* sound, *small* or *slender* sound, as will be shown hereafter.

same are *aspirated*, or either *alter* or *lose entirely their pronunciation*, are *nine* in number, viz., *b, c, d, f, g, m, p, r, t*.

The *Immutables* are such as always *retain* their own sound, and are *three* in number, *l, n, r*, but are sometimes doubled, thus, *ll, nn, rr*, and always carry a *strong force and sound*.

A further explanation of the nine *Mutable* consonants that are often *aspirated*, and first of *b*. When *b* is *aspirated*, or *mortified* with a *pip* over it, thus, *ḃ*, it has the *force and sound* of *V*, in the English language, as, *Ἀ βoδaιζ̇ βοιcτ*, *you poor Clown*, *Ἀ βυαċaιλλ̇ βιζ̇*, *you little Boy*, &c. When *ċ* is *mortified*, it carries the force and sound of *gh*, in the English word, *Lough*, as, *mȯ ċoρ*, *my leg*, *mȯ ċoιp*, *my body*, *mȯ ċιaλλ*, *my sense*. But when *c*, is *not* mortified, it carries the force and sound of a *K*, or *Q*, as, *Mac Cárta na iuiže aιιι cηocán caol camm ċóιηaιζ̇*, *Mac Carty, sitting on a slender, crooked, mossy hill*.

When *ð*, is *mortified* in the beginning of a word, it has the *force and sound* of a *Y*, as, *Ἀ Ȯιaιιηυιo*, *you Darby*, *Ἀ Ȯóιηaιλλ*, *you Daniel*, *Ἀ Ȯoηċað*, *you Denis*.

When *ḟ* is *mortified*, it has no force or sound at all, but just as if omitted altogether, as, *Ἀ ḟιιι, ζaη ḟυιl, ζaη ḟaλλυιηζ̇, ζaη ḟeoιιιιιηζ̇*, *you Man, without Blood, without Mantle, without a Farthing*.

When *ġ* is *mortified* in the beginning of a word, it sounds as *Y* does in the English language, as, *Ἀ ζ̇eaιoίo*, *you Garrett*, *Ἀ ζ̇ιeαζoιιι*, *you Gregory*.

A further explanation of *o* and *z*.

When *o* and *z* *aspirated* in the beginning of a word, or in the *Initial* of the second part of a compound, each do pronounce as *Y*, as, *δεαδυιηe*, *a Good Man*, *δεαδ̇ ζ̇ηιoιη*, *a Good Deed*.

But when *ȯ* or *ż* *aspirated* falls in the body, or latter end of a word, it hardly bears any sound at all, but divides the syllable, or close the word, as, *βυαδ̇*, *Victory*, *Ῥοδ̇a*, *Slave*, *Ῥοδ̇a*, *Choice*, *τ̇ιυαζ̇* *Pity*.

When *ι̇* is *aspirated* it pronounces like *V*, or somewhat broader, like *W*, in the English language, as, *Ἀ Ῥ̇aιιe*, *you Mary*, *Ἀ Ῥ̇aιζ̇δεaη*, *you Virgin*, &c.

When *ṗ* is *aspirated*, it pronounces, or sounds like *F*, in the English language, as, *Ἀ ṗaδoιaιζ̇*, *you Patrick*, *Ἀ ṗιιιb*, *you Philip*, *Ἀ ṗóιl*, *you Paul*, &c.

When *ṫ* is *aspirated*, it sounds in Irish, as *H*, does in the English language, as *mȯ ṡúιl*, *my Eye*, *mȯ ṡál*, *my Heel*, *mȯ ṡιιaη*, *my Bridle*, *mȯ ṡeoιιia*, *my Chamber*, &c.

When *ċ* is *aspirated*, it sounds also like *H*, in the English language, as, *Ἀ ċoιaιι*, *you Thomas*, *Ἀ ċaιȯż*, *you Timothy*, &c.

The four that begin with **ʌ**, should be called *Apthong* ; those which begin with **ɛ**, *Epthong* ; those which begin with **ɪ**, *Ipthong* ; those which begin with **ɔ**, *Opthong* ; and those which begin with **u**, *Upthong*.

These terms of art and Initial of each class, are to be understood by the following two Irish verses:—

Շէրիւ համարժօլլ լիօնժար ահ,
 Շնչ Եաճաճ բօր չօ օրէժեան,
 Շնչ Երիծե զաւր զաւր զաւր,
 Շիւ իւրաքանչէր զիւր իւր հառար.

Ե, ԵՐԱՅՐ ՅԱՇ ԵԱԲԱԾԱ ՃԻՆ,
 Ե, ԵՐԱՅՐ ՅԱՇ ԵԲԻՆ ԵՄԼԱԻՆ;
 Ա, ԵՐԱՅՐ ՅԱՇ ԱՅԼԼԵԱՆ ԱՅԼ,
 Ա, ԵՐԱՅՐ ՅԱՇ ԱՄԱՐՈՅԼԼ.

The **Ἀμαρκόλλ** **αο**, sounds like *e* in the English language,
as **ἄον**, *One*, **ἄορ**, *Blind*, **ἄον**, *Cheap*, **ἄοι**, *Bald-pated*.

Amariçoll a, It is the a that pronounces mostly, but the i helps to pronounce the word, as Cál, *Fame*, Fálɤ, *Prophet*, Tɪálɤ, *Strand*.

This Diphthong sounds always *short* without the fine fada , or long stroke, as, $\text{Sa}|\text{l}$, a *Beam*, $\text{Oa}|\text{li}$, *Oak*, $\text{Ca}|\text{li}$, a *Lease*, $\text{Fa}|\text{l}$, a *Pig-stye*.

Αἰματίον, pronounced as it comes, and, is *always* long, as Ραε, Moon, Κοῦταε, County, & Ναε, Yesterday.

Уинаѣиѣи ѣиѣи, sounds like ee, in the English words, *see, bee, flee*, as, Саѣиѣи, *Carpenters*, Саѣиѣи, *Mild*, &c.

The Five Epthongs—Na ćú|5 Eabada.

Եսածօւ es, pronounces like *a* in the English language, as, Տօւրօւ, *Love*, Գօւրօւ, *Grave*, Ուրօւ, *Strength*.

But by placing the **fine fada**, or *long stroke* over the e, it alters the sound, and makes it long, as, **Féar**, *grass*, **Séad**, *a jewel*, **Séamur**, *James*.

Ca^hada eu, is always long, and never requires the long stroke, as S^geul, *Story*, beul, *Mouth*, T^hneun, *Mighty*.

CaBaDa eo, pronounces both together in the word, as **Ceol**, *Music*, **Ceo**, *Mist*, **Seol**, *Sail of a Ship*.

Ǝabada eoɪ, the three pronounce in the word, as, Ǝeoɪ, *Flesh*, Ƨeoɪɪ, *Guide*, beoɪɪ, *Beer*.

ē|, are sounded short when without the *accent* or *long stroke*, but long, when the *accent* is set over the Diphthong, as may be understood from the following examples: **ðe|n**, *said*, (short), **ce|l**, *conceal*, (short), **cé|n**, *wax*, **lé|m**, *a leap*, (long).

The Five Ipthongs—**Ḥa cḥl̃ḡ J̃f̃h̃j̃ðe.**

J̃f̃h̃ j̃a, sounds like *ea* in *dear, fear*, &c., as, **Sl̃ab**, *Mountain*, **S̃ũah**, *Bridle*, **ḅũah**, *Bryan*.

J̃f̃h̃ j̃o, it is the *j* that pronounces mostly in the word, and is naturally long, as, **C̃j̃or**, *Rent*, **F̃j̃on**, *Wine*, **S̃j̃or**, *down*, &c.

J̃f̃h̃ j̃u, both letters sound in the word together, as, **S̃jũu**, *a Kinswoman*, **T̃jũu**, *Three*, &c.

J̃f̃h̃ j̃a j̃, the three helps in the word together, as, **ḡl̃a j̃ð**, *Battle*, **Ḑl̃a j̃ḡ**, *After*, **Ḳl̃a j̃ḡ**, *a Physician*.

J̃f̃h̃ j̃u j̃, the three sounds in the word together, as, **rc̃jũu**, *a helm*, **c̃jũu**, *silent*, **S̃jũu**, *the River Suir*.

The Three Upthongs—**Ḥa c̃ũu ḥũll̃j̃oḥa.**

ũlleaḥ ũa, both pronounces in the word, as **rũah**, *rest*, **bũah**, *lasting*, **fũah**, *cold*, **rũaḏ**, *red*, &c.

ũlleaḥ ũj̃, *short*, as, **fũj̃**, *blood*, **c̃ũj̃**, *a flie*, **c̃ũj̃c̃**, *a quilt*, **m̃ũj̃c̃**, *Wethers*, &c.

ũlleaḥ ũa j̃, the three sounds in the word, as, **rũa j̃ũc̃**, *pleasant*, **ḏũa j̃ũ**, *a poem*, &c.

The Opthong—**Ḥa Ḑ̃j̃ũ ḥa ḥaoñaḥ.**

This *Opthong*, or **Ḑ̃j̃ũ**, is always *short* without the accent, as, **cõj̃ũ**, *crime*, **cõj̃ũ**, *a hound*, &c., but with the accent it is *long*, as **có̃j̃ũ**, *justice*, **fó̃j̃ũ**, *help*, **mó̃j̃ũ**, *turf*, &c.

The reader is requested to take particular notice of the *long* and *short* quantities of the *Dipthongs* and *Tripthongs*, as they are noted in the foregoing examples. It must be always observed by the learner, when the *long stroke*, (') which is called in *Irish*, **S̃j̃ne f̃aḏa**, comes over any single Vowel or Dipthong, *naturally short*, the syllable where any, or either of them are so marked with the said *accent*, or *stroke*, shall be always pronounced *long*, as, **b̃á̃r**, *death*, **c̃á̃r**, *reason*, **Ró̃r**, *Rose*.

Examples of long and short sounds:

C̃aõj̃ũ , mild.	Ḑõ ḥú̃j̃ũc̃e , unapt to be taught.
ũãr̃ãl , generous.	Ḑí̃ ḥẽãr̃ , disregard.
Ḥá̃j̃uẽãc̃ , bashful.	Jõḡḡá̃c̃á̃c̃ , inconstant.
Ḑẽj̃h̃j̃ũ , certain.	Ḑj̃ j̃ẽũ , misfortune
Ḑú̃j̃ũc̃e , mannerly.	C̃l̃ó̃j̃ðẽãḥ , sword.
Ḑẽãr̃ , regard.	ḡãj̃ḡj̃ðẽãc̃ , champion.

Dipthongs and Tripthongs shall never be divided, so you are not to write **p̃j̃-ãh** for the word **p̃j̃ãh**, *pain*, &c.

By a careful perusal of this short Introduction, the learner will be able to read any Irish book with ease.

The next number will contain an *Ode* to the Irish language, and an elegant Irish Song, with *literal translations*.

ABRAHAM GARDENGE.

“ Let the simple songs of our sires be tried,
They go to the heart ;—and the heart is all.”—*Furlong.*

SEAN GUM CLARACH MAC DOBHAILL.

THE spirit of nationality which now leavens the entire mass of Irish society, was, during the last century totally unknown. At that time sprung up a crop of strange names in the land; and rock and valley were made vocal by mongrel sounds, in which Celtic roots were squealed forth in due accordance to English euphony, while more daring spirits, renouncing the wretched subterfuge, flung off their Irish coil, as the serpent doth his slough, and became more English than the English themselves. It is painfully ridiculous to observe, how some sons of the soil, whose ability and enterprise have enabled them to emerge from their native glen, will, even now, squiny in affected wonderment, when Irish sounds invade their “ears polite,” as if they had never mottled their shanks at a turf fire, or luxuriated over a well-roasted *Brohogue*.

Amid the universal abandonment to which we have referred, arose a band of faithful men to decry the apostacy—to shame the servile—to warm the cold—to kindle the valiant—to proclaim ceaseless enmity to the Saxon oppressor. Brooding over the wrongs of his native land, the Jacobite bard seeks the deep silence of a romantic vale, where bursts upon his eye the ideal being of his evocation, invested with all those attributes in which genius loves to clothe the personification of female beauty. The pomp of his alliterative tongue of harmony is enrolled to paint, with all the glow of oriental imagery, her golden hair, her swan-like neck, her swelling bosom. This embodiment of beauty he calls ERIN. The imaginative peasant beholds the divine emanation—worships her beamy loveliness—burns at the recital of her wrongs, and swears eternal hate to her false oppressor. His country is Erin, and Erin a beauteous queen

in bondage ! Here lay the secret of the poet's mastery over the heart of the Celt—thither every note of freedom sped, and there found ready admission. At the head of this gifted band were John O'Twomy the Gay, John Collins, Tieg O'Sullivan, (Thaddens Hibernicus,) Owen Roe O'Sullivan, and last but chief, the subject of our present sketch, the celebrated JOHN CLARAGH M'DONNELL.

What an interesting production would be the lives of these Jacobite poets !—what a mine of adventure, and humour, and frolic would the erratic wanderings of Owen the Red present, as he strayed, in his triple capacity of poet, potato-digger, and pedant—or the eccentric life of the witty *Mangaire Sugach*, who perambulated the “five provinces” in his profession of travelling merchant ; whose bardic qualities procured him ready admittance to all tables—to that of the hospitable and free, by the charms of his wit and humour—to that of the churl, because of the dreaded severity of his caustic wit ! What records must have remained of John O'Twomy, whose public-house was, for many years, the very court of Apollo, the resort of all the bards, idle gentlemen, and strollers of the South—beneath whose humble roof assembled more learning and genius and wit than all the clubs and coteries of high life could produce for a century ! How varied between good and evil was the life of M'Donnell—hunted in his early day by the squirearchy, who took to the chase of the priest and the poet with as keen a zest as did their descendants of later times to the less exciting pastime of fox hunting ; or seated high among congregated poets, in his native town of Charleville, presiding over the bardic session, where the candidate for admission was obliged to furnish extempore proofs of his genius, and to receive on his shield the arrowy hail of threescore wits !

John M'Donnell, to a profound knowledge of the history, antiquities, and legendary lore of his native land, added a familiar acquaintance with that Greek and Latin erudition, then studied with so much avidity in the wilds and fastnesses to which persecution had driven the poets and instructors of the people. O'Halloran, in his introduction to the History of Ireland, makes honourable mention of this gifted man, and affirms, that he proposed to some gentlemen of the county Clare the project of translating Homer's Iliad into Irish. The reader will perceive the unconquerable genius which this proposal displays, when he remembers that the priest, the poet, and the literary teacher, were men hunted beyond the pale of society, and priced with the felon wolf of the hill. O'Halloran adds, “From the specimen he gave, it would seem that this prince of poets would appear as respectable in a Gaelian as in a Greek dress.” It was reserved for a kindred genius, Dr. M'HALE, to produce the proof !

M'Donnell was the author of many beautiful Jacobite pieces, all displaying his varied powers of composition. The few which appear in the present collection will bear testimony to the truth of this assertion ; for instance, the "Lament" unites all the tender simplicity of Goldsmith with the sweetly-sounding versification of Pope ; while the "Peril of Britain" exhibits an outbreak of glorious energy well worthy of Homer. Other poems, that may yet find a place in our collection, depict his bitter, caustic irony—his mellifluous elegiac strains resembling the best efforts of Gray.

Touching the cognomen, *Claragh*, the writer of this hasty sketch, shall practise that silence which best becomes him on a subject where men of learning have been at fault. Crofton Croker says, that *Shane Claragh* means John the Minstrel, while every Irish scholar knows it does not : and Mr. Hardiman, in his "Minstrelsy," says, that his family were called Claragh, from a mountain of that name between Charleville and Mallow : Claragh is a romantic hill between Mill-street and Killarney, and thirty miles, at least, from the locality in which it has been placed by the writer of the note in the "Minstrelsy."

John Claragh M'Donnell was born in the year 1691, and lies interred in the old church-yard of Ballyslough near Charleville, where the flag-stone, that covers the mortal remains of this gifted child of song, contains the following Latin inscription :—



I.H.S.

JOHANNES M'DONALD, cognominatus *Claraigh*,
vir vere Catholicus, et quibus linguis ornatus, nempe
Græca, Latina et Hybernica : non Vulgaris Ingenii poeta
tumulatur ad hunc Cippum. Obiit Ætatis Anno 63.
Salutis 1754.

REQUIESCAT IN PACE.

His Elegy was chanted by his friend and brother bard, John O'Twomy, in strains well worthy of the vehicle of his verse, and the genius of the departed poet.

WISLUNG WJR ĒJRE.

Seáŕan Cláirach, mo éan.

Oidce bġor am luŕe am řuan,
 'S mé aŕi buairnead tpe na cačaiŕe ;
 Do řin an t-řĩŕ-bean, t-řĩčleac, t-řuairic,
 Taoib ġom řuar aŕ deānam tačaiŕe :
 ba čaol a com, a cřaob-řoŕt třiom,
 'Aŕ teacč zo bōñ lē ġa řřačaiŕe ;
 ba đusbe a řřuairŕ 'nā 'n řual,
 'S ba řile a řřuacđ 'nā na h-Wllaiŕe.

Do čonaric ġ, řnaoi řan řřuairim,
 'A claon-řivřŕ uaične řa bēal tanaiŕe ;
 'A mjon čioch, cřivř-řeal, cřuairđ,
 'Aŕi a mġn-čneř řuar, nāč b-řvř teayaiŕe :
 'A h-aol-čorř řeāŕŕ, a řēřŕ-čřoob leabairi,
 'A čaol-třiořŕ čeāñ, a deđo, 'ř a maiŕiŕe ;
 'S řioř řur b'aoibñ ġnñ a řnuacđ,
 bġoč řur čřuairŕ mé aŕ an ř-clearaiŕe.

Muairi deaircar ġ, do bġoŕar řuar,
 Zo b-řjonairñ uaič ġár b'ar ġ ;
 Mġor řřořtal řĩ, do řŕēññ řĩ uairim,
 'S bġor zo đuairic đ'ēř mo řčairaiŕe !
 Đ'ēřŕear zo lom, na deabairŕ le řōññ,
 Mġor aončta ġom, 'ř mé aŕi meairaiŕe ;

INTERLINEAR TRANSLATION.

Oidce bġor am luŕe am řuan
 Night I was lying in slumbers (heavy sleep)
 'Aŕř mé aŕi buairnead tpe na cačaiŕe
 And I in trouble by the wars (temptations)
 Do řin an t-řĩŕ-bean t-řĩč-leac t-řuairic
 Did stretch the fairy woman peaceful polite
 Taoib ġom řuar aŕ deānam tačaiŕe
 Side by me up to form acquaintance
 ba čaol a com a cřaob-řoŕt třiom
 Slender her waist her branchy-locks heavy
 'Aŕ teacč zo bōñ lē ġona řřačaiŕe
 Reaching the soles (feet) by her in wreaths
 ba đusbe a řřuairŕ ġonā an řual
 Blacker her hair than the coal

A VISION ON IRELAND.

One night my eyes in seal'd repose,
Beheld wild war's terrific vision—
When, lo! beside my couch arose
The Banshee bright of form Elysian!
Her dark hair's flow stream'd loose below
Her waist to kiss her foot of lightness—
The snows that deck the cygnet's neck,
Would fail to peer her bosom's whiteness!

I saw her—mild her angel mien;
Her azure eye was soul-subduing;
Her white, round breast and lip were seen
The eye of wonder ever wooing—
Her sylph-like waist—her forehead chaste—
Her ivory teeth and taper finger—
'Twas heaven, 'tis true, these charms to view—
'Twas pain within their sphere to linger!

“Fair shape of light! thy lowly slave
Entreats thy race—thy travels' story.”
Her white arm gave one beck'ning wave—
She vanish'd like a beam of glory!
My questioning call unheeded all,
My cries above the breezes swelling,

INTERLINEAR TRANSLATION.

Ա լաօղ-բօլրէ ալիոյ աշար ա եալ տաղալէ
Her bent-eyes green (blue) and her mouth thin
Ա մյօղ շոօ շրայն-շեալ շրալծ
Her small breast round white hard
Այր ա մյն-ճեւր քար ղաճ երկ տարալէ
On her smooth skin cool not is heated
Ա հաօլ-ճօրք քեղէ ա ղեյլ-ճրօծ եաճար
Her pure body slender her fair hand long
Ա շաօլ-տրօլլ տեալ ա ճեյծ քա մալլէ
Her slender foot stout her teeth and eyebrows
Ար քյօր շար ա ճօյնլ ին ա քրաճ
'Tis true that delightful with us her shape
Յօճ շար շրալլ մե ալ ա շքեարալէ.
Though that pitied me by the play-mate.
Խաար ճարար ի ճօ ճյօշար քար
When I beheld her I started up
Յօ ե-քյօղալն ալիլ շար եա ճր ի
To enquire from her whence came she
Խյօր քրօտալ ի ճօ քշեյն ի ալմ
Not reply she did fled she from me
Աշար ճյօր Յօ ճալլալ ճօ ճյր մօ քտարալէ
And I was gloomy after my narrator

Ḑur leanaṛ í don tír ba t̃uaíð,

Ḑo ríe na n-ḡruaḡach, cé ḡur b-ṑada í?

Tíḡim a n̄íor aṑíṑ do ruaiḡ,

Ḑo ríe C̃ruač̃na, 'ṑ ḡo ríe Seanaḡe;

Ḑo ríe aolb̄inn, aolḡear̄da, ruad̄,

Maṑ a m-b̄íð na r̄luaḡa me taoib̄ na beaṑaḡe:

Ḑo h-aolb̄íoz b̄óíṑ, Aonḡaíṑ óíḡ,

Aḡ f̄eac̄aíṑ meoíam 'ṑ aḡ d̄eanaíṑ f̄ear̄taḡe;

Mí maib̄ a tuaíṑṑḡ r̄íor, ná ruar̄,

Acd̄ í do ḡluaíṑeacd̄ t̄r̄e na bealaḡe.

Tíḡim ḡo ríe in̄ic ŪR, na ḡ-C̃ruach,

Ḑo C̃ruaib̄ Ruad̄, 'ṑ tíḡim ḡo Team̄aíṑ;

Ḑo ríe-č̄noic f̄̄R̄J̄M̄M̄, aolb̄inn, ruar̄,

'S Aolb̄ill Ruad̄ me taoib̄ na C̃ruaḡe:

B̄íð c̄eac̄d beaṑ óḡ ba f̄eíne clodh,

Aḡ éíṑeacd̄ ceóí 'ṑ aḡ d̄eanaíṑ aṑṑíḡe;

A b-ṑoac̄aíṑ Aolb̄ill, 'ṑ R̄íoz̄ma T̄uað-muṑam̄,

'S m̄ile ḡruaḡach ḡl̄e le ḡaíṑḡíðe.

Do b̄í an t-r̄íe-beaṑ t-r̄íe-leac̄ t-ruaíṑ,

Do č̄ṑí aṑí buaíṑ m̄e am mač̄aḡe;

Ma r̄ṑḡe ḡo maol̄neac̄, m̄íṑ-ḡeal, ruar̄,

'S a d̄laol-č̄uač̄a l̄eí ḡo h-alt̄aḡe:

INTERLINEAR TRANSLATION.

Ḑur leanaṛ í don tír ba t̃uaíð

Till I pursued her to the country northwards

Ḑo ríe na n-ḡruaḡach cé ḡur b-ṑada í.

To mount of the fairies though distant it be.

Tíḡim aṑíor aṑíṑ do ruaiḡ

I come up again of a flight

Ḑo ríe C̃ruač̃na aḡur ḡo ríe Seanaḡe

To mount of Cruachna and to mount Senai

Ḑo ríe aolb̄íṑ aolḡear̄da ruad̄

To mount gentle haunted red

Maṑ a m̄b̄íð na r̄luaḡa me taoib̄ na beaṑaḡe

Where meet the hosts by side the Boyne

Ḑo haol-b̄íoz̄ b̄óíṑ Aonḡaíṑ Óíḡ

To white mansion Boyne Aongus Oge

Aḡ f̄eac̄aíṑ meoíam aḡur aḡ d̄eanaíṑ f̄ear̄taḡe

Looking before me and making festive

Mí maib̄ a tuaíṑṑḡ r̄íor ná ruar̄

Not was her tidings below or above

As, fill'd with woe, I northward go,
 To Grugach's distant, fairy dwelling !
 Through fair Senai—through Crochan's hall
 I wildly chase the flying maiden ;
 By fairy fort—by waterfall,
 Where weir'd ones wept with sorrows laden !
 My footsteps roam great Aongus' dome,
 Above the Boyne—a structure airy—
 In hall and moat these wild words float,
 “ She onwards treads the haunt of Faëry !”

Mac Lir, I sought thy proud abode—
 Through Creeveroe my question sounded—
 Through Temor's halls of state I strode —
 And reach'd Knockfeerin spell-surrounded—
 By Aoivil-Roe, 'mid wine cups' flow,
 A thousand maids' clear tones were blending.
 And chiefs o' the Gael, in armed mail,
 At tilt and tourney were contending !
 The Smooth-skin fair, whose witching eye
 Had lured me from my pillow dreamy,
 Mid shadowy hosts was seated high,
 Her coal black tresses wild and streamy.

INTERLINEAR TRANSLATION.

Tíðim zo íjt 20ic Lír na 3-Cruach
 I come to mansion Mac Lir of the Cruachs
 Zo Cruaib Ruad a3ur tíðim zo Teamair
 To Branch Red and I come to Temor
 Zo íjt-énoic Fírin 3oibín fuar
 To fairy hills of Firinn gentle breezes
 23ur 2oibill Ruad ne 3oib na cru3e
 And Aoivill Red by side of the rock
 33b céad bea3 o3 ba íéime cló3
 Were hundred woman young of mildest shape
 23 éirteac3 ceo3l a3ur a3 déana3 a3r3í3e
 Listening to music and playing pastime
 23 3fo3air 2oibill a3ur 33o3na 3uad-3ú3air
 With Aoivill and kings of Thomond
 23ur míle 33ua3ac3 3lé le 3air3í3e.
 And thousand wizards pure with valour.
 Oo 33 a3 tíjt-bea3 tíjt-leac3 3ruairc
 Was the fairy-woman peaceful polite
 Oo cú3 air buairc me am 3ac3a3e
 Did put in trouble me in my rambles
 Na 3u3e zo 3ao3neac3 333-3eal ruar
 Sitting with hosts smooth-white up

D'féac a hall zo maorða, mall,
 ba léir di ari ball zup me do lean 1;
 Ari ri, "r triuað linn do cuaird,
 Tis anuar 'r éirt ári g-cearnaiðe."

D'fearnaiðear di cia í an bliagáin,
 O'aoir an tigeairna beað an fear gmoide;
 Ma riðe ari gaoideil zo briogáin, dian,
 Ais dibrit fear-þuc ó na h-allaor?
 Do dún ri a beol, ní dúbairet ní'r mó,
 Seo'r ríubal marí ceo í, nó marí ríðe-gaoit,
 'S ní'l cúntar fóir le tabairet a g-cóir,
 Cá h-am do fóirfíðear ari ári nearbaiðe!

INTERLINEAR TRANSLATION.

Do féac a hall zo maorða mall
 Did look over stately modest
 ba léir di ari ball zup me do lean 1
 'Twas manifest to her on spot that I did pursue her
 Ari ri ar triuað linn do cuaird
 Said she pity with us thy visit
 Tis anuar azur éirt ári gcearnaiðe.
 Come down and hear our afflictions.
 Do fearnaiðear di cia í an bliagáin
 I inquired of her what year
 Do aoir an tigeairna beað an fear gmoide
 Of the age of the Lord would the man valiant
 Ma riðe ari gaoideil zo briogáin dian
 King over Gael actively severe
 Ais dibrit fear-þuc ó na hallaiðe
 Expelling wild bucks from her halls
 Do dún ri a beol ní dúbairet ní'r mó
 Closed she her mouth not said any more
 Seo ari ríubal marí ceo í no marí ríðe-gaoit
 Off she goes like mist she or as whirlwind
 Azur ní'l cúntar fóir le tabairet a g-cóir
 And not account yet to give in justice
 Cá h-am do fóirfíðear ari ári nearbaiðe
 What time relieved from our wants.

At Aoivill's rocks* no more she mocks
 The ear and eye that long pursu'd her—
 I list her tale of the chainless Gael—
 The slaughter of the fierce intruder!

“ Say, O say, thou being bright!
 When shall the land from slavery waken?
 When shall proud Stuart claim his right,
 And tyrant hearts be terror-shaken?”
 She gives no sign—the form divine
 Pass'd like the winds by fairies woken!
 The future holds in Time's dark folds,
 The despot's chain of bondage broken!

At the suggestion of some friends I have altered my original plan, in order to facilitate the reading of the Songs to those who do not understand the Irish language; and, in the present number, is given an *interlinear* translation on the Hamiltonian system, from which I shall not depart in future. A second edition of the second number will shortly appear in this form, and, as the *literal* translation, which accompanied that number is now dispensed with, I have engaged Mr. Edward Walsh, a writer thoroughly conversant with the legends and manners of the peasantry of the South of Ireland, and a principal contributor to the “Nation Newspaper,” to furnish the metrical version which now appears, as well as that which will appear hereafter; thus making my penny publication suit the views and wishes of the community.

The patriotic little melody which appears on the next page claims precedence. The poet personifies a struggling farmer, or, to use a common phrase, “one who has been wrestling with the world,” plagued by the moans of a starving family, which he can neither feed nor clothe, from the exorbitant demands of an unjust and oppressive landlord, as the reader will easily perceive. He also brings before us a picture of the spoliation and ruin of our unhappy country, and characterizes the rude barbarian adventurers that from time to time made predatory incursions into Ireland; and shews with what intrepidity they were repulsed by bands of Irish heroes united. The Song is written to that beautiful and well-known *air*, the *Seal bán*, which I shall have great pleasure in laying before my readers in a future number.

I have to thank P. F. White, Esq. Illustrator of the Bards and Ancient Music of Ireland, Wexford; Messrs. Michael O'Sullivan, and Martin Griffith, Kilrush, County Clare; for the valuable collection of manuscript Songs they have sent me, from which I shall make selections for my next number.

* Celebrated fairy haunts.

AN BOHMAIRE FIAĐA-PUIE.

Seáḡan Cláiríach, mō.čan.

A ré do leōnaḡ mo čumar ;
 An boḡaḡie¹ fiaḡa-puie,² fáḡaḡ ;
 Do léim čari teōruḡ do čurruie,
 le'm milleaḡ le čian an máḡa :
 Faol-čoin³ fōru-neḡit le fḡneam,
 Čuḡ bḡuḡ' aḡi ó čuall a ḡnā'aḡ,
 D'éimḡ ré cōimue ḡan inḡneac ;
 'S d'imčḡḡ ó mian a ḡámnaḡ.

Aḡa mo čōmaḡ⁴ ḡan fḡčḡn,⁵
 'S mo čuḡḡḡ⁶ ḡan fēuḡ, ḡan fáḡ,⁷
 Aḡa an-fōḡḡ aḡi mo inḡneam,
 'S a n-uḡḡḡ ḡan eāḡac ḡlān :

INTERLINEAR TRANSLATION.

A ré do leōnaḡ mo čumar
 'Tis he that wounded my power
 An boḡaḡie fiaḡa-puie fáḡaḡ
 The footman hunting-folk wandering
 Do léim čari teōruḡ do čurruie
 Did leap over bounds did push
 Le aḡ milleaḡ le čian an máḡa
 By whom wasted for long time the plain

¹ Boḡaḡie, a *footman*, or, one who has been constantly travelling on foot, as the word fáḡaḡ, (*wandering*) would indicate.

² Fiaḡa-puie, *tyrants*. I am told that the literal translation is *hunting-folk*, from Priest-hunting, or Bard-hunting; but the general acceptance of the word is *tyrants*.

³ Faol-čoin, *wild-dogs, blood-hounds*; means also *brave warriors* which is that intended by the poet.

⁴ Čōmaḡ, a *pair*; perhaps his wife and child.

⁵ Fḡčḡn, (from fḡč, *rags of cloth*,) *covering, heat, shelter*.

⁶ Čuḡḡḡ, (from cuḡḡ, a *yoke*,) a *pair of horses, or oxen*.

Fa čuḡḡ ḡa ḡḡall ḡa bḡúḡaḡ ḡo teāḡ.

Under Saxon yoke severely gored.

⁷ Fáḡ, *growth, increase*.

THE CRUEL BASE-BORN TYRANT.

(A JACOBITE RELIC.)

Closely translated from the Irish.

What withered the pride of my vigour?

The lowly-sprung tyrant train

That rule all our border with rigour,

■ And ravage the fruitful plain—

Yet once when the war-trumpet's rattle

Arous'd the wild clansman's wrath,

They, heartless, abandon'd the battle,

And fled the fierce foeman's path!

The loved ones my life would have nourish'd

Are foodless, and bare, and cold—

My flocks by their fountain that flourish'd,

Decay on the mountain wold—*

INTERLINEAR TRANSLATION.

Faol-óir le fóir-heir le fuirneam

Wild-dogs oppressive with vigour

Cuir bairiad air ó éirill a gáir

Did break on (him) from design his custom

Do éirí sí ré comhac gan mairneac

Did quit he conflict without courage

Aisur do iméir ó mair a gáir

And did evade from track (of) his enemies.

Ara mo éiríad gan fear

Are my pair without shelter

Aisur mo cuiríad gan fear gan fear

And my yoke without grass without increase (growth)

Ara an-éiríad air mo mairneac

Are misery on my family

Aisur a uillíad gan éiríad fear

And their elbows without clothes sound

* *Wold*, signifies a plain open country, from the Saxon *bold*, a plain and a place without wood. *Gibson's Camden*.

Ἀτὰ ἀν τὸν αἶψι μο ἠnullac,
 ὅ μοι οἱ ἔγχεαινα ἡ ἑτάτ ;
 'S τὰ μο ἑνὸς-ῥα βίηδε,
 'S ἄν πινῖν δα β-ῥαδ' ἀν λάμ.

Ἦρ λέμ α ἡγλεό-χοις ζυρ ἐντεαδαι,
 Σιολαμίδε^s τρευν αἶψι λάμ ;
 'S ζυρ ἐμείζ ρῖν μὸμ-ὀνδ δεαῖ-ὀμαλῖν,
 Μῖρνεαδ, Ἦρ καοίνα, Ἦρ δμᾶδ :
 β'ῥέιδι κὸρ le Ῥίξ Μεμνε,
 ὅ δ-τιοκρᾶδ ἀν λαοὺ ἐαί ῥάλλ' ;
 Ὅ μείζκεαδ κὸδλα ὅ δ-νίε,
 Ὅ ἑντεαδαιβ δαοί ἀν ἀμμ.

~~~~~

ΜΑC ἌΜ CHEΛΜΑΙΖΗC.

Seáḡan Cláirach, μὸ ἄν.

Ἀπρῖνζ καοὶν δὸ δεαίκαρ κέιν, αἶψι  
 leabaδ 'ῥ μὲ ὅ λαῖ-βμῖζεαδ ;

INTERLINEAR TRANSLATION.

Ἀτὰ ἀν τὸν αἶψι μο ἠnullac  
 Are the pursuers on my top (of my head)  
 ὅ μοι οἱ ἔγχεαινα ἀν ἑτάτ  
 Very often from lord (of) the state  
 Ἀζυρ ἀτὰ μο ἑνὸς-ῥα βίηδε  
 And are my shoes own broken  
 Ἀζυρ ἄν πινῖν δα β-ῥαδ ἀν λάμ.  
 And without penny of (their) debts in (my) hand.  
 Ἦρ λέμ α ἡγλεό χοις ζυρ ἐντεαδαι  
 'Tis manifest in (the) fight (of the) hills that they fell  
 Σιολαμίδε τρευν αἶψι λάμ  
 Clans brave on middle (on the ground)

---

<sup>s</sup> Σιολαμίδε, *clans, youths, saplings.*

Misfortune my temper is trying ;  
 This raiment no shelter yields—  
 And chief o'er my evils undying,  
 The tyrant that rules my fields !

Alas ! on the red hill where perish'd  
 The offspring of heroes proud,  
 The virtues our forefathers cherish'd,  
 Lie pall'd in their blood-stain'd shroud !  
 And O ! for one hero avenger,  
 With aid o'er the heaving main,  
 To sweep from *Clar-Fodhla* the stranger,  
 And sever his bondage chain !

~~~~~

MAC AN CHEANAIGHE.

(A JACOBITE RELIC.)

Translated from the Irish.

A vision bless'd my eyes erewhile,
 Revealing scenes sublime and airy !

—————

INTERLINEAR TRANSLATION.

Áḡur ḡur éiríḡ ríḡ mór-áurḡ deaḡ-áuráḡ
 And that forsook us great share (of) good fellowship

ḡurḡeac áḡur caoirḡa áḡur ḡeac
 Courage and protection and love

ba éiríḡ ríḡ le Ríḡ Neirḡe
 Perhaps yet by King (of) Heaven

ḡo deirceac an laoc éar ráile
 Will come the hero over (the) sea

ḡo éiríḡeac Fódla ḡo huile
 Will free *Fodhla* all over

Ó Cuirceacáḡ daoḡ an aḡur.
 From Turks guilty (of) the slaughter.

~~~~~

Áirliḡḡ faon do deaircar éirḡ aḡur  
 Vision empty did behold I (self) on

Leabaḡ áḡur me ḡo laḡ-béirḡeac  
 Bed and I very feeble

21) 411-*f*11 *f*é111 d'á11 b'11111 é111e,  
 21 *z* teačđ am *ž*ao1 411 1111ca1žeačđ :  
 21 *r*úle *z*lar, a cúl *z*11b, ca1đa,  
 21 cō11 ba čaol, 'r a 11a11žē ;  
 11a 1111đea11 *z*o 11a1b a*z* 11žeačđ '11a *z*11,  
 1e d1o*z*11a1r 11ac an Čeana1žē.<sup>1</sup>

21 beōl ba b1j1, a ceōl ba čaol1, 'r  
 11đ-*f*ea11c 1j1 an ca11j1 ;  
 Čē1le b11a11 d'á11 žē111đ '11 *f*1a1,  
 11o 1ē11-č1eač đ1a1 a h-11c1đ :  
 1á *f*11r1b *z*all<sup>2</sup> đá b11úžad *z*o tea1,  
 11o č1111on 1-*f*ea11ž, 'r 11o bea1-žao1đe11,  
 be1đ 1j '11a 111ea1r,<sup>3</sup> an 1jž-bea1 đea1,  
*z*o b1111đ 11ac an Čeana1žē.

## INTERLINEAR TRANSLATION.

21 411*f*11 *f*é111 dō 411 ba 411111 é111e  
 The damsel mild whose name (was) (Eire)

21 teačđ am *ž*ao1 411 1111ca1žeačđ  
 Approaching me near on horseback (riding)

21 *r*úle *z*lar a cúl *z*11b ca1đa  
 Her eyes green (blue) her head (hair) thick twisted (curling)

21 cō11 ba čaol a*z*ur a 11a11žē  
 Her waist so slender and her eyebrows

11a 1111đea11 *z*o 11a1b a*z* 11žeačđ 11a *z*11  
 Proclaiming there was coming nigh her

<sup>1</sup> 11ac an Čeana1žē, a poetical allegory for the king of Spain, from whom the Irish expected aid to shake off the Saxon yoke.

<sup>2</sup> 1á *f*11r1b *z*all, a metaphor taken from threshing corn, shewing that the Irish were so severely bruised under the tyrannical lash of the Saxon, as the straw is beneath the flail of the thresher.

<sup>3</sup> 111ea1r, *withered, diminutive*. By this passage the poet implies that this kingdom would be reduced to such a state of misery and ruin, as not to be worth fighting for, when the expected aid would arrive.



Ma céadta 'tá a b-péin do ghrád, le  
 Geur-íearc ráin dá cheir-mhín;  
 Clanna mífte, maca Mílead,  
 Drágoir lómha, is gairgídecc:  
 Shúir 'na ghaol, ní múrghlan sí,  
 'S tís dúbac fá ríor an caslín;  
 Níl faeríomh real, le tísgeacht 'na gar,  
 Go bfuillfid Mac an Cheanaige.

'Dúbairt aísir an óig-bean mhín, gur  
 Siur na mífte cleach sí;  
 Conn ar áit, ba lóimhár meacht  
 ba fódlaic glaic a ngleacairdeacht:  
 Go d-tiocfaid seághan tair toíh aigéin,  
 Is lúgh mac céin, an fear gíoride;  
 Beid sí 'na ríreair, gan lúghe le fear  
 Go bfuillfid Mac an cheanaige.

---

INTERLINEAR TRANSLATION.

Ma céadta atá a b-péin do ghrád le  
 Hundreds are in pain of love with  
 Geur-íearc ráin da cheir mhín  
 Sharp affection tranquil to (her) skin smooth  
 Clanna mífte maca Mílead  
 Sons (of) kings sons (of) Milesius  
 Drágoir lómha a gur gairgídecc  
 Dragons polished and champions  
 Shúir iona ghaol ní múrghlan sí  
 Frown in her countenance not awakens she  
 A gur tís dúbac fá ríor an caslín  
 And cometh sorrowful under fatigue the girl  
 Ní bfuil faeríomh real le tísgeacht iona gar  
 Not had ease a-while to come her nigh  
 Go bfuillfid Mac an Cheanaige.  
 Till returns Son (of) the Merchant.



Myriads languish for her love,  
 And burn to clasp her form of beauty—  
 For her have kings and heroes strove,  
 Rivals high in love and duty.—  
 But joy's bright trace ne'er lights her face,  
 She fears her foemen fierce and many;  
 No hope-fraught ray to cheer her way,  
 Will come, till cometh **ՊԺԸ ԵՆ ՇԷՆՈՒՅԷ**.

“My brethren,” said the beauteous maid,  
 “Were kings supreme and chiefs of glory,  
 Conn of the blood-red battle blade,  
 And Art, the theme of ancient story.  
 And o'er the deep, where tall barks leap,  
 Shall heroes come renown'd and many.”  
 Alas the day!—thy charms' decay  
 Shall come, ere cometh **ՊԺԸ ԵՆ ՇԷՆՈՒՅԷ**.

---

INTERLINEAR TRANSLATION.

**Յ ԺՆԲԱՅԻՐ ԵՐԻՐ ԵՆ ՕՂՅ-ԵՆ ի՞նչ շուր**  
 Said again the youthful-woman smooth that

**Տիւր յԵ ի՞նչե՞ լեւճ ըն**  
 Niece (to) the kings practised she

**Կոն ԵՅՈՐ ՊԻՐ ԵՆ ԼՈՒՊԱՐ ըւճ**  
 Conn and Art whose powerful laws

**ԵՆ ԲՕՂԼԵ ԶԼԵ Ե ՆՅԼԵԱԿԻՏԵԱՇՇ**  
 Whose destructive hand in combat

**ՇՕ Ե-ՇԵՐԲԵԸ ՏԵՂՅԱՆ ՇԱՐ ԵՕՒ յԶԵՐ**  
 Till comes John across ocean deep

**ՊՅՈՐ ԼՅՅ յԵ ԿԵՐ ԵՆ ԲԵՐ շՈՒՇԵ**  
 And Lughadh son (of) Cein the man mighty

**ԵՐՇ ըն յՈՆԱ ԲԲԵՐ ՅԱՆ ԼՅՅԷ ԼԵ ԲԵՐ**  
 Will she be withered without espousing with man

**ՇՕ ԵՐԼԼԵՐՇ ՊԺԸ ԵՆ ՇԷՆՈՒՅԷ**  
 Till returns Son (of) the Merchant.

'Dúbairt-ra léi ari cloy a rgeil, zup  
 Rún nár euz<sup>1</sup> do cleacó rí;  
 Cuaid don Spáinn, ir fuair rí bár,  
 Hji éruaig le cách a ceapnaige:  
 Ari cloy mo gutaó 'b-fozuy di,  
 Do bjoz a crioide 'r do rgeol rí;  
 'S d'éaloio an t-anam d'aon-ppiesb airté,  
 Mo leun-ra! 'n bean go neim-mbriúgeac.

### AMFOCAIM BREUTAIM.<sup>1</sup>

Seágan Cláirach, nó can.

Eiriois le 'm glóirta a móir-rluacó mlléruir,  
 Bur díbre ba deonac mo rgeol do rgarpe;  
 Búi raoite ce leonaó, búir leóinam<sup>2</sup> 'r búir  
 laocnaó,  
 A g-ciuac huir-foola, gan fód, gan fearian:

#### INTERLINEAR TRANSLATION.

A dúbairt-ra léi ari cloy a rgeil zup  
 Said I to her on hearing her tale that  
 Rún nár euz do cleacó rí  
 Secret not perished did practice she  
 Cuaid don Spáinn auz fuair rí bár  
 Went to Spain and she died  
 Hji éruaig le cách a ceapnaige  
 Not pitied by others her afflictions

<sup>1</sup> Rún nár euz, *a project which fails not*; or, in other words, her going to Spain will eventually be the means of restoring her to the possession of her kingdom; but her dying, and few pitying her complaints, shew her fruitless expectations (the Armada excepted) of succour from that quarter.

<sup>2</sup> This sublime song is a poetic translation of an article which appeared in a newspaper in 1744, relative to the difficulties England sustained at that period from foreign powers; and, for the better understanding of the song, I would refer the reader to some diffuse history of the period.

<sup>3</sup> Leóinam, *lions*, allegorically used by poets to mean the bravest of their heroes—the lion being the fiercest of the tribes of the forest.

"There's glory for thy future day,  
 The banner green shall yet be flying,"  
 I cried—but 'neath the vision's sway,  
 In distant Spain I saw her dying!  
 As burst my cry, she gave reply,  
 One shriek the wildest far of any—  
 My bitter grief found no relief,  
 Till fled thy *keener*, *Wac an Cheannajce*.

~~~~~

THE PERIL OF BRITAIN.

Ye offspring of heroes through centuries olden,
 Lend an ear to the tale which the muse hath unfolden—
 Though landless your nobles—your chiefs lion-hearted,
 From fair *Inis-Fodhla* for ever are parted—

—————

INTERLINEAR TRANSLATION.

Aḡḡ cłor mo žučad a bfozur di
 On hearing my voice nigh to her
 Do bjoz a cpóide azur do ržnead rj
 Did start her heart and did shriek she
 Azur do éalojd an t-anam do aon-þneib aĩte
 And did steal the soul of one-bounce out of her
 Wo leun-řa! an bean žo nējm-mbrjžead.
 My woe! the woman powerless.

~~~~~

Éĩrdiž le am žlóřta a mōm-řljocō Wlérjũr  
 Listen to my words you noble-posterity (of) Milesius  
 Bũr dižre ba deonać mo ržeol do ržajpe  
 'Tis to you I am willing my tale to unfold  
 Bŕm řaoĩte ce leonađ bũr leōžajũ azur bũr laoćřađ  
 Your chiefs tho' wounded your lions and your heroes  
 A ž-cřjoc Jhĩř-řōđla žan řōđ žan řeapũ  
 In the kingdom (of) *Inis-Fail* without sod without inheritance

'Τά'η βάππε le Πίλιβ αἱμ μυήμ 'γ αἱμ τίμ,  
 'S ηῖ τάππε δὸ ἐνίλλε δά βῆμπεαν μα'γ φίομ;  
 βεῖδ ρζέμπε 'ζυρ ρζόλλαδ 'co αἱμ φόμπεαδ<sup>3</sup>  
 αη εῖμλῖζ,  
 'S δῖοζάλταρ αη ὀμμάεταῖζ ζαέ λό δα λεαζαδ.

'Τά φόμ-νεαμτ 'γ φόμπα, ρόμπε 'ζυρ ρέμπε,  
 'S δῖη-ζεαμμάδ δμῖόλαν ζαέ λό le παδα;  
 ἄζ ρῖμ-ζμπεαδα ῥεομπε ζο τμπεομμάε, ζαν  
 τμπεομάδ,  
 'Τά'η κλίτ βμμπε, βμπεοῖδε, 'γ ηῖ'λ φότμμ  
 αα:  
 ἄη μέμδ ρμ δά βῆμπεαν δὸ μμῖζ α ζ-αμ,  
 ἱρ λέμμ ηάμ λεμπεαδ αον δμπε αα ημμ;  
 βεῖδ αμῖμπε ζο δεο αα αἱμ ζλεο ὀαμταζέηα,  
 'S αἱμ ρμῖοβαδ δά ρεόλτα ζο πόμτ Σεβμμταμ.

---

INTERLINEAR TRANSLATION.

Ἀτά αη βάππε le Πίλιβ αἱμ μμμμ αζυρ αἱμ τίμ  
 Is the goal with Philip on sea and on land  
 Ἀζυρ ηῖ τάππε δὸ ἐνίλλε δά βῆμπεαν μα'γ φίομ  
 And not worse to others of (his) party if true  
 βεῖδ ρζέμπε αζυρ ρζόλλαδ αco αἱμ φόμπεαδ  
 There will terror and heart-rending have on(the) hordes  
 αη εῖμλῖζ  
 of oppression  
 Ἀζυρ δῖοζάλταρ αη ὀμμάεταῖζ ζαέ λό δα λεαζαδ  
 And vengeance (of) the Almighty each day laying them low

Ἀτά φόμ-νεαμτ αζυρ φόμπα ρόμπε αζυρ ρέμπε  
 There is oppression and force bustle and blowing

---

<sup>3</sup> Φόμπεαδ, *brigands*.

There's Philip victorious o'er wide earth and wave ;  
 His allies death-dealing, unsheathed the glaive ;  
 Wild havoc and ruin shall seize the oppressor,  
 And God's red right arm shall be Erin's redresser !

Whole armies are banded, and heaven their protector,  
 To scourge the vile soldiers of George the Elector ;  
 By the wrath of the Lord, o'er the wild billow driven,  
 His fleets seek their harbours, all shatter'd and riven !  
 His thousands that march'd to a far, foreign shore,  
 Have pil'd the sad fields of defeat in their gore ;  
 Carthagera's dire day gave his brave a red pillow,  
 And his sails sought Sebastian, in vain, o'er the billow !

---

INTERLINEAR TRANSLATION.

Ածար ծղծ-ճեարած ծրօղ շած լօ լե բաժա  
 And severe-cutting (of) bowels each day this long time

Աշ ըրի-ճրեաճա Տեօրրե շօ շրեօրած շան շրաօճած  
 Constantly whipping George most active without cessation

Աժա աղ բլիշ երրիւք երեօժեք ածար ոյ եբլ բօլեմի աօ  
 The fleet(are) broken sickly and not relief have they

Ան մեյծ ըն ծա եբրիւքա ծօ լմէլշ ա շօլա  
 The number that their troops did went afar off

Եր լէրի դար լեյճեճ ծօն ծրիք աօ դար  
 'Tis manifest not permitted any man of them back (the west)

Ելծ ցրիք շօ ծօ աօ ալլ շլօ Ըարթաշեա  
 Will remember for ever they on battle (of) Carthagera

Ածար ալլ բլօբաճ ծա բօլշա շօ բօր Տեբարտան  
 And on hoisting their sails for (the) port (of) Sebastian

'Τά βαβάρια κόμακταῖς α ἡ-κοροῖον 'ῤ α ἡ-  
 céimib̄,  
 Ἄ η-ἱμπριε ῤα η-Εοριῤ, ῤην ῤζεολ ἡἄμ  
 mearad̄ ;  
 Ἄς ῤυḡεᾶσαν α ῤλόḡτε Ἄς βόρδαῖβ̄ β̄jen-ηα,  
 'Τά'η ῤḡ-βean ḡο δεοῤ-ῤῤuc̄, 'ῤ an τόῤι δά  
 ταῤan :  
 'Τά Céib̄n-hulleῤ' ḡan cūmar, ḡan c̄r̄ic̄,  
 Ἄς Siῤil̄ide cyῤeas̄ an bῤῤῤeas̄ aῤῤ α β̄yōm̄;  
 'Τά ῤῤῤῤ-ῤia 'ḡur ῤōland α b-ῤóῤῤaῖβ̄ ῤῤ-  
 lēῤia,  
 Sin cōῤōce ῤḡoc̄o leῤῤold ῤas̄ cēῤ ἡα mal-  
 lact̄.  
 'Τά Montemari<sup>5</sup> mōῤῤa ḡο τῤeοῤaῖς, Ἄς téam̄-  
 nam̄,  
 ḡo laῤῤῤeas̄, ḡo leῤm̄and̄a, ḡo lōῤῤam̄, laῤ-  
 ῤas̄ ;  
 le téῤῤῤῤῤῤ, le τóῤῤῤeas̄, le τóῤῤas̄, le τῤēῤe,  
 le ῤas̄ῤῤῤῤ, le ῤλόḡῤῤῤῤ, le ceolῤaῖβ̄ caῤa ;

---

 INTERLINEAR TRANSLATION.

Ἄτα βαβάρια κόμακταῖς α ἡκοροῖον ἄḡur α ἡcéimib̄  
 Is Bavaria mighty in crown and in dignity  
 Ἄ η-ἱμπριε ῤα η-Εοριῤ ῤην ῤζεολ ἡἄμ mearad̄  
 Their emperor in Europe that tale not expected  
 Ἄς ῤυḡεᾶσαν α ῤλόḡτε Ἄς βόρδαῖβ̄ β̄jen-ηα  
 Encamping his hosts at borders (of) Vienna  
 Ἄτα an ῤḡ-βey ḡο δεοῤ-ῤῤuc̄ ῤ an τóῤι δά ταῤan  
 Is the queen in tears and the pursuers are routing her

---

<sup>4</sup> Céib̄n-hulleῤ, *Count Khevenhuller* ; a distinguished Austrian general who took a conspicuous part in this campaign.

<sup>5</sup> Montemari, *Duke de Montemar*, who commanded the Spanish army assembled at Rimini, and being joined by the Neapolitan forces, amounted to sixty thousand men, furnished with a large train of artillery, but sickness and desertion made him afterwards run into Naples, where he was followed by the king of Sardinia, as far as Rimini, when he resigned his commission to Count Gages.

Bavaria is mighty in greatness and glory,  
 The Sultan's in Europe—who'll credit the story?  
 Vienna's proud ramparts his horsemen beleaguer,  
 Its empress is tearful,—its foeman is eager.  
 Khevenhuller exiled has from Sicily fled;  
 Fierce war crush'd his power—his bandits are dead.  
 Silesia knows Prussia and Poland's infliction;  
 And Leopold! thy race feel the Lord's malediction!

De Montemar proud to the field is advancing  
 With lion-like leaders, with long lances glancing,  
 With fire and fierce slaughter, with Mars' mighty thunder,  
 With war's meetest music, with hosts without number—

---

INTERLINEAR TRANSLATION.

Առա Կէյն-հուլլը չառ ըսմար չառ ըրի՞նչ  
 Is Kheven-huller without power without country  
 Այ Տիրիլճե արբեաճ ադ արբեաճ արբ և Բայճիդ  
 At Sicily sent the destruction on his troops  
 Առա Բրսր-րիա Բայր Բժլանձ և Բժրեայի Տիլերիա  
 Are Prussians and Poles in the ports (of) Silesia  
 Տիդ ըօյճե ըլիօճճ ԼեօօլԾ քօյ ըծ դա մալլաճՅ.  
 Then for ever(the) race(of) Leopold under mist of malediction.  
 Առա Պոնթեմար մօրԾա չօ տրեօրմաճ աչ տէարման  
 Is Montemar noble actively approaching  
 Չօ Լայրեաճ Չօ ԼեօմանԾա Չօ Լօմար Լարբար  
 With spears lion like powerfwl glittering  
 Լե տէիդիճ Լե տօրմեաճ Լե տօրմաճ Լե տրէիդե  
 With lightning with thunder with increase with power  
 Լե քօյիճիճ Լե ըլօյճիճ Լե ըծլեայի Կաճա  
 With nobles with hosts with music (for) battle

Μαντουά 'ζυρ Μίλαν, 'τά τυλτε δά βυδόν,  
 'ζυρ Τυρκανήζε αζ τυττιμ έυμ Φίλιβ ζαν  
 μόλλ;  
 Άζυρ Καριολυρ εριόδα, μίζ ηόριμαρ ραν Νά-  
 πλερ,  
 βα ζήσιμας α η-ζλεο-ενοικ, α ζ-κόμαριλε α  
 η-Άτάρ.  
 'Τα λαοιρεάς ηα λόεμαñ, ζο λεόμαν-μύλλεας,  
 λέμρεας,  
 ζο δίεέιολλας, δοι-βμυρδε, α η-δóεέαρ δαμ-  
 ζεαν;  
 'Σα μνντιμ λε δόμρε η-Άνóβεμ, 'ρ βμabαντ,  
 'Τά εννζ αμ η-Άλλóηδ, 'ρ ηί λεόμαρκο  
 πρεαβóδ:  
 Άτά ρε 'νοιρ ολλαμ αζ ηοόδα ηα λαñ,  
 βεζό κάρμα 'ζυρ κορζαμτ, 'ρ κοζαó 'ηα  
 ζ-ειοñ,  
 Δά ρίηε λε Σεομρε, ζαν μó-έμμρε α ηέμ-  
 ρεαςτ,  
 Σηη εμζέ αμ μο ρζεολτα, 'ρ βεζό αν βμóη  
 αμ βμεαταμ.

## INTERLINEAR TRANSLATION.

Μαντουά αζυρ Μίλαν ατά τυλτε δα βυδόν  
 Mantua and Milan are flooded (full) of his troops  
 Άζυρ Τυρκανήζε αζ τυττιμ έυμ Φίλιβ ζαν μόλλ  
 And Tuscany falling to Philip without delay  
 Άζυρ Καριολυρ εριόδα μίζ ηόριμαρ ραν Νάπλερ  
 And Charles brave king formal in Naples  
 βα ζήσιμας α ηζλεο-ενοικ α ζ-κόμαριλε α η-ατάρ  
 So active in battle in council of the father  
 Άτά Λαοιρεάς ηα λόεμαñ ζο λεόμαν-μύλλεας λέμρεας  
 Is Louis (of) the torches lion-killing destructive  
 ζο δίεέιολλας δοι-βμυρδε α ηδóεέαρ δαμνζιον  
 Diligently un-broken in hope firm



All Mantua and Milan his mandates obey ;  
 And Tuscany crouches to Philip's high sway,  
 And Naples hath yielded to Charles the glorious,  
 Prince sage in the council—in battle victorious.

The torch-tossing Louis—a lion in danger,  
 Sagacious, unshaken, to terror a stranger,  
 The fierce Gaul has led to the gates of Hanover ;  
 His heel crushes Holland—its glory is over !  
 And now, while unsheathing his far-flashing brand,  
 Fell carnage, dark demon, starts forth at his hand ;  
 And George is the game the wild war-hound's pursuing ;  
 There's an end to my theme—to the Saxon red ruin !

---

INTERLINEAR TRANSLATION.

Այսր և մայրցիլի և ծօլլրբ Կ-Անօճեր Էսր Երաբանտ  
 And his people at the doors (of) Hanover and Brabant

Առ Էսր Էսր Էսր Էսր Էսր Էսր Էսր Էսր Էսր Էսր  
 Is yoke on Holland and not attempt starting

Առ Էսր Էսր Էսր Էսր Էսր Էսր Էսր Էսր Էսր Էսր  
 Is he now ready unsheathing the swords

Էսր Էսր Էսր Էսր Էսր Էսր Էսր Էսր Էսր Էսր  
 Will be carnage and cutting and war with them

Էսր Էսր Էսր Էսր Էսր Էսր Էսր Էսր Էսր Էսր  
 Dealing with George without weariness together

Տի Էսր Էսր Էսր Էսր Էսր Էսր Էսր Էսր Էսր Էսր  
 Is end on my tales and will be the sorrow on Britain.

U2JUL.CÚMAD M2I M2M2OJ 2UB2M  
2I M2OJ2JŠ 2I CĒJIE, R2JŠ SĒ2UR2IUS.<sup>1</sup>

Seáḡan Clámaċh, mío éan.

Mj muiḡeapad fém cia e mo rṑḡi,  
beṑḡ iḡrṑi rḡéiḡ 'na ḡéiḡ ḡo leḡi;  
ḡuḡḡm éum aon-iḡc ḡé na ḡ-cḡmáct,  
ḡo ḡ-tḡḡeacḡ mo laocḡ ḡan baḡḡal beḡḡ.

O! mo laocḡ, mo ḡile, m'feari,

O! mo ḡaodál, mo ḡile, m'feari;

2Ion t-ṑuan éum fém, ḡi b-ṑuam-  
ear fém,

O éuajḡ a ḡcéiḡ mo ḡile, m'feari!

ba meari ḡ f'ḡi ḡlar m'ḡimeacḡ beḡḡ,  
2ḡi ḡajḡan ḡmúctá a ḡ-ciumair an mḡr;  
'Tá Máir 'r Cúipḡ ḡo h-úmal a ḡ-clḡdh,  
2I b-peairam úi 'r a n-ḡuúir mo rṑḡi.  
O! mo laocḡ, ḡc.

#### INTERLINEAR TRANSLATION.

Mj muiḡeapad fém cia hé mo rṑḡi  
Not proclaim self who is my dear (treasure)

beṑḡ iḡrṑi rḡéiḡ iona ḡéiḡ ḡo leḡi  
Will be relating tales after him many

ḡuḡḡm éum aon-iḡc ḡé na ḡ-cḡmáct  
I pray to only Son (of) God (of) the powers

ḡo ḡ-tḡḡeacḡ mo laocḡ ḡan baḡḡal beḡḡ  
Doth come my hero without danger alive

<sup>1</sup> I have transcribed this and the following Song from a manuscript collection made by Conor O'Sullivan, a Munster poet, and a cotemporary of Seáḡan Clámaċh. The date of the manuscript (which is now in my possession,) is 1754, and it contains many beautiful songs, the joint production of the writer and a brother bard, named Denis O'Sullivan. The present Song is intended as the lamentation of an Albanian lady for her *exiled* spouse, R2JŠ SĒ2UR2IUS. It is written to the *air* of the *White Cockade*, and from the high poetic talent of the writer Coḡcúbaṑ ua Súillḡobaḡiḡ, whose effusions shall see the light in a future number, I consider the version quite correct.—J. DALY.

THE LADY OF ALBANY'S LAMENT FOR KING  
CHARLES.

I'll not reveal my true love's name ;  
Betimes 'twill swell the voice of fame—  
But, O! may heaven, my grief to quell,  
Restore the hero safe and well !

My hero brave, *ma ghile, m'fhear*,\*  
My kindred love, *ma ghile, m'fhear* ;  
What wringing woes my bosom knows,  
Since cross'd the seas *ma ghile, m'fhear* !

His glancing eyes I may compare  
To diamond dew on rose-buds rare—  
And love and valour brighten o'er  
The features of my bosom's store !  
My hero brave, &c.

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INTERLINEAR TRANSLATION.

O! mo laoc̃ mo ʒile mo ʒear  
Alas! my hero my brightest my spouse (husband)

O! mo ʒaoðal mo ʒile mo ʒear  
Alas! my kin my brightest my spouse

ʒon tʒuan c̃um ʒẽn ñi bʒuaɹneaf ʒẽn  
One repose to prosperity not I found self

O c̃uaɹð a ʒc̃ẽn mo ʒile mo ʒear.  
Since went afar my brightest my spouse.

ba meaf ɹ ʒúɹl ʒlaʒ m̃úɹneac̃ beðð  
Was quick his eye blue cheerful alive

ʒu ɹaɹc̃ a ñ d̃rúct̃a a ʒc̃ũmaɹ a ñ m̃oʒ  
On colour the dew in edge the rose

ʒta ʒaɹ a ʒuʒ Cúɹð ʒo h̃ũmal a ʒcl̃oðh  
Are Mars and Cupid pliant in variety

ʒ bʒeaɹaɹñ úɹ a ʒuʒ a ñ ʒñúɹ mo ʒc̃oʒ  
In person tender and in countenance my dear

O! mo laoc̃, ʒc̃.  
Alas! my hero, &c.

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\* The English reader will pronounce the Irish here as if written  
*ma yilli mar*.



No cuckoo's note by fell or flood,  
 No hunter's cry through hazel wood,  
 Nor mist-wrapt valley yields me joy,  
 Since cross'd the seas my royal boy.—

My hero brave, &c.

Oppress'd with grief, I hourly cry,  
 With bursting heart and tearful eye—  
 Since we did thee, fair youth, resign  
 For distant shores, what woes are mine!

My hero brave, &c.

The sun his golden glory shrouds  
 In mantle sad of sable clouds;  
 The threat'ning sky of grief portends,  
 Since through far realms our lion wends!

My hero brave, &c.

INTERLINEAR TRANSLATION.

Օ ծօ յմէջս սալոյն աղ buacall beo  
 As did leave us the boy (youth) lively  
 Այսր դսն բռնամ աղ տալիլիւրջ սալոյն մօ երօն!  
 And not find we one tidings from him my woe!  
 Օ! մօ Լաօն, յԵ.  
 Alas! my hero, &c.

Ոյ աղ իւրջիծ Քհօբար բնիւ մար աղ շօլլ  
 Not did arise Phoebus self as is right  
 Այսր աղ ա շօլլիւն-նիւր բնիւ շա ծաօլ-նիւր բրօն  
 And on his gentle skin smooth are sable cloud(of) sorrows  
 Ասա բաօն աղ իւր ղալլ ալս իւր ղալլիւրջ մօր  
 Are dim on sky and disaster great  
 Բա շօլլիւն ա ղալլիւ մար ծօ շալոյն աղ Լօշան  
 Under woods distant as did wander the lion (hero)  
 Օ! մօ Լաօն, յԵ.  
 Alas! my hero, &c.

ʒn mapeac̃ uapal, uajbreac̃, óg,  
 Crioðe ʒan ʒruam 'r ruajice rñóð ;  
 Crioðajie luajmneac̃, luajc̃ a ngleó,  
 ʒg tpeargajie rluaʒa, 'r ʒg ruʒað  
 tpeom.

O ! mo laoc̃, ʒc.

ʒr car a cúl, 'r ar cúrrac̃ córr,  
 'S olaor̃eac̃, ol̃c̃, 'r ar búclac̃, mór ;  
 ʒr peucac̃, r̃ioñ, ʒr lóñrað 'n órr,  
 O bačar ūr ʒo córr mo r̃tór̃r.

O ! mo laoc̃, ʒc.

ba córrm̃l̃ é le h-ʒlongur̃ Óg,<sup>2</sup>  
 'S le lúʒað̃ meic̃ Cérr̃<sup>3</sup> na mbéim̃ioñ mór ;

#### INTERLINEAR TRANSLATION.

ʒn mapeac̃ uapal uajbreac̃ óg  
 The horseman noble haughty youthful (young)  
 Crioðe ʒan ʒruam ar ruajice rñóð  
 Heart without surliness and most gentle visage

<sup>2</sup> ʒlongur̃ Óg, I cannot find in Keating, or O'Flaherty's Ogyg. vol. 2. the only books of reference as yet in my possession ; I would feel obliged to any of my readers who would furnish his history, as I will have to introduce his name hereafter.

<sup>3</sup> Lúʒað̃ mac̃ Cérr̃, was twelfth king of Ireland, A.M. 2764. His real name was Lúʒað̃ Lañ-éaða, but was called Cérr̃, from his father C̃rañ, and succeeded Ruad̃, who fell in the second battle of ʒaʒ̃ Cúrr̃, and reigned forty years. He instituted the Tailtean games, to be celebrated every year on Tailtean mountain in Meath, on the kalends of August, i.e. Lúʒar̃, or the commemoration of Lúʒað̃, in honour to Tailtean, the daughter of prince ʒaʒ̃mór̃, and last queen of the Belgians, or ʒr̃r̃ bol̃ʒ ; who, after the battle of ʒaʒ̃ Cúrr̃, espoused Eoçað̃ ʒar̃b̃, the son of Duach, a nobleman of the Danans, who educated Lúʒað̃ until he arrived at the years of maturity. From buað̃ and Neapa, Lughadh's queens, Knockbua, and Neapa, (now Naas,) are called. He died at Caer̃ ʒruam̃, now Urr̃neach, a mountain in Westmeath, A.M. 2804.

That haughty, noble, youthful knight,  
 Of feature bland—of spirit light—  
 Strong-handed, swift, in war's wild throng,  
 To chase to death the brave and strong!  
 My hero brave, &c.

His wreathed hair, in graceful flow  
 Of ringlet rare falls full below  
 His manly waist, in yellow fold,  
 Like silken threads of curling gold!  
 My hero brave, &c.

Like Aongus Oge he bears command,  
 Or Louis of the trenchant brand,

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INTERLINEAR TRANSLATION.

Cróbairne luaimheac luait a n-geō  
 Strong-handed nimble-footed swift in battle  
 Aḡ tneairḡairte rluāḡa aḡur aḡ muāḡad tmeoir  
 Slaying hosts and chasing mighty ones  
 O! mo laoc, ḡc.  
 Alas! my hero, &c.

Jr cap a cúl aḡur ar cúirac cōir  
 Twisted his head (hair) and in tresses justly  
 Aḡur dlaoirceac dlúit aḡur ar búclac mōir  
 And (in) locks elose and in curls great  
 Aḡur peucaac fīoir aḡir loīmad aḡ oīr  
 And gaudy fair on tinge the gold  
 O bādar úir ḡo cōm mo rtorir  
 From crown (head) tender to waist my dear  
 O! mo laoc, ḡc.  
 Alas! my dear, &c.

ba cōirhúil e le h-Aongur oḡ  
 Was like he to Aongus young (youthful)  
 Aḡur le lúḡaird meic Céir na mbéirioī mōir  
 And to Lughaidh son (of) Cein (of) the cutting great

le Coñmaoi árd meic Dáirne<sup>4</sup> an óir,  
 Taoireac éirinn, treun ari éoir.  
 O! mo laoc, &c.

le Conall Ceárnach<sup>5</sup> do beárnad póit,  
 le feargus riuntaic rion meic Róigh;<sup>6</sup>  
 le Coñcúbair cárd meic Meara<sup>7</sup> na nóir,  
 Taoireac doibhinn éirioshe an éoir.  
 O! mo laoc, &c.

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INTERLINEAR TRANSLATION.

le Coñmaoi árd meic Dáirne an óir  
 To Curigh high son (of) Dary (of) the gold  
 Taoireac éirinn treun ari éoir  
 Chieftain (of) Eirinn valiant in pursuit  
 O! mo laoc, &c.  
 Alas! my hero, &c.

le Conall Ceárnach do beárnad póit  
 With Conall Cearnach did breach port

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<sup>4</sup> Coñmaoi, or Curigh mac Dáirne, whose province extended from Bealaic Conzlaif near Cork, and westward from Limerick to the western shore of Ireland. He was treacherously slain, through the intrigues of blaethaid, a lady of exquisite beauty, by Cú-cullaiñ; but, Feargus, Curigh's bard, followed blaethaid and Cú-cullaiñ into Ulster, in hopes of being able to kill her in revenge of Curigh; and on his arrival found Conor, Cuchullain and Blahnaid, with their attendants, at the promontory of Ceañ bearna, standing on the edge of a steep rock, ran towards her, and, clasping her in his arms, threw himself headlong with her down the precipice, and were dashed to pieces. VIDE KEATING'S IRELAND, VOL. I. P. 405, HALIDAY'S TRANSLATION, where the direful tale is fully related.

<sup>5</sup> Conall Ceárnach, was lord of a district in Ulster, and cousin-german of the children of Uirneach, in whose behalf he fought against Coñcúbair, king of Ulster, where he slew Jollan Fion. The reader will find a full account of him in his Deairg Ruačan, an ancient historical tale, which is in the hands of many Irish Scholars.



Or Daire's son, the great Conroy,—  
 Brave Irish chiefs, my royal boy !  
 My hero brave, &c.

Or Conall, who strong ramparts won,  
 Or Fergus, regal Rogia's son,  
 Or Conor, Ullad's glorious king,  
 Whom harp-strings praise and poets sing —  
 My hero brave, &c.

INTERLINEAR TRANSLATION.

ʒe ʒeapɜʒur ʒiunɜaɔ ʒiɔn ɪeɪc      Róɪɜh  
 To Feargus worthy fair son (of) Rogia  
 ʒe Coɲcúɔaɪ caɪɔ ɪeɪc      ʒeapɜ na    ɪóɪ  
 To Conor noble son (of) Neasa the customs  
 ʒaoɪɪeac aɔɪɔɪɪ ʒɪaoɪɪe aɪ    ʒeoɪl.  
 Chieftain gentle Branch the melodious.

O! ɪo laoc, ɪc.  
 Alas! my hero, &c.

<sup>6</sup> ʒeapɜʒur mac Róɪɜh, king of Ulster, A.M. 3934. He was surnamed Róɪɜh, from his mother Rogia, daughter of ʒoɔaɔ ʒɪɪeacɪ, then monarch of Ireland. Being dethroned and expelled Ulster, he took refuge in Connaught under Oɪɪɔlla and ʒeɪɔɔe, where their royal residence at that time stood. He was a person of consummate courage, and had exerted himself often with applause in single combat and in the field of battle, and brought away many rich spoils from Ulster; and ravaged and sacked that country, and overrun the province with fire and sword. He afterwards met an untimely death at the hands of Oɪɪɔll, through a fit of jealousy, in consequence of ʒeɪɔɔe taking a swimming excursion with him. —KEATING.

<sup>7</sup> Coɲcúɔaɪ mac ʒeapɜ, surnamed ʒeapɜ, from his mother ʒeapɜ, the daughter of ʒoɔaɔ Sɪɪɔɪɪe, son to ʒacɪa, king of Ulster and Ireland, after the deposition of ʒeapɜʒur mac Róɪɜh, ruled the sceptre of Ulster, A.M. 3937, sixty years, and died a natural death in the forty-eighth year of Christ.—O'FLAHERTY'S OGYG. PART 3, c. XLVIII. p. 163.

Señtear fǵáirit ari cláiríicc ceoil,  
 'S glaoðtar tálhte cáirit ari bóird;  
 Ljonatar ruar ǵac cuac do'n beoir,<sup>8</sup>  
 Slánnte uaim don buacáill beó!

O! mo laoc, mo ǵile, m'fear,  
 O! mo ǵaodal, mo ǵile, m'fear;  
 Mo cnuadatan fém! mo luaithe leim!  
 Mar cuaid a ǵcém mo ǵile, m'fear!

~~~~~

FREATHAID UR UM MMUOI UBUM-
 AICC.

Seáǵan Claiach, iú éan.

U Ríogán uarail fuairic 'r a ród,
 Do éad 'r do buairic 'r tnuad, 'r ar bión;
 Ǵhóim ǵo cnuaid éum Uan na ǵ-cómaét,
 Fá éǵeacó ari cuaid do 'd buacáill beó.

INTERLINEAR TRANSLATION.

Señtear fǵáirit ari cláiríicc ceoil
 Strike up (a) burst on harp melodious
 Aǵur ǵlaodtar tálhte cáirit ari bóird
 And let call many quarts on board (table)
 Ljonatar ruar ǵac cuac do an beoir
 Let fill up each goblet of the beer
 Slánnte uaim do'n buacáill beó.
 Health from me to the boy (youth) lively

⁸ Beoir. This word, which is rendered "beer," in the interlinear translation, is used by our native poets to express any highly delicious liquor, in the same manner as the writers of Greece and Rome used the term, nectar. The *Beoir* was made from mountain heath; and the sole secret of preparing the delicious beverage, known only to the Danes, who, tradition asserts, divided the heathy tracts between them, for that purpose, in preference to the arable lands. Tradition further has it, that sooner than disclose the secret of its manufacture, the two last surviving Danes, father and son, suffered death at the hands of the native Irish.

Wake, wake, the wild-harp's wildest sound,
 Send sparkling flagons flowing round—
 Fill high the wine-cups' tide of joy,—
 This health to thee, my royal boy!

My hero brave, *ma ghile, m'fhear*,
 My kindred love, *ma ghile, m'fhear*;
 What wringing woes my bosom knows,
 Since cross'd the seas *ma ghile, m'fhear*!



REPLY TO THE LADY OF ALBANY'S LAMENT.

O royal maid, my bosom's gold!
 None can unmoved thy griefs behold—
 And O! may heaven's supreme decree
 Restore the youth to love and thee!



INTERLINEAR TRANSLATION.

O! mo laoc mo žile mo fear
 Alas! my hero my bright my spouse
 O! mo žaodál mo žile mo fear
 Alas! my kin my bright my spouse
 Mo éruadetan féin! mo luaithe léin!
 My affliction self! my dust (eternal) doom (woe)
 Mar éuaib a žcēin mo žile mo fear.
 As went far away my bright my spouse.



A Ríogáin uafail fuaile a žur a rōir
 O Queen noble gentle and my dear
 Do éarí a žur do buaire ar truađ a žur ar brōn
 Thy lament and thy affliction is disastrous and is mournful
 Žuđim žo éruaib éum uan ua ž-cōmāct
 I pray fervently to (the) lamb (of) the powers
 Fa éžeadó a žru éuaib do ad buacail beo
 For to come on (a) visit to thy youth alive

Do ðeoſſ an aon-ſſſc tſocſad̄ ēar aſſ,
 ʒo tſeōſac̄, tſeunſſar, tſſlte ðo neaſſ;
 ʒo ſſuaſʒeac̄, ſeunſſar, ſuadſac, ſaob-
 ſac̄,
 ʒo cuanſaſb̄ ēſſʒe, 'ſ Jſſſ ʒſſſſ.

le ſoſſeaſſ na ſuaʒa do ʒſuaſſeac̄ an leōʒan,
 'S a tſſſſſſſa h-uaſſ ſeac̄ buaſðſe a ſʒleðð;
 beſð ſʒaoſſe 'ſ ſuaʒac̄ uaſſ ʒo ðeð,
 ʒſſſ bſðſſ an uaðaſſ aſ tſuaſſ ſſſſſ ſōſ?
 Hſſ' l ðſʒ-ſeapſ ſēſſ do'n ſſſſeac̄ ēeapſ,
 D'-ſſſl ēðʒaſſ 'ſ ēſſſſ oſſte, 'ſ ʒſſſ;
 Mac̄ ʒſuaſſſð ſēſſ ʒan ſuaſſac̄ a ʒcēſſ,
 ſā ēuaſſſſ ē do ēſſſ 'na ēeapſ.

beſð an ſaōʒal ſuaſſſneac̄, ſſððac̄, ſðʒac̄,
 ʒan ſlēſð, ʒan buaſſſ, ʒan bſſſʒean, ʒan
 bſðſſ?

beſð an ſſēſſ ʒan duapſſan ſſſſ aſſ neōſſ,
 ʒan ſſaōc̄, ʒan ſuaēſſ, ʒan tēſſſſol, ʒan ēeo?

INTERLINEAR TRANSLATION.

Do ðeoſſ an aon-ſſſc tſocſad̄ ēar aſſ
 By (the) will (of) the only son he will return
 ʒo tſeōſac̄ tſeunſſar tſſlte ðo neaſſ
 Actively powerful full of strength
 ʒo ſſuaſʒeac̄ ſeunſſar ſuaðſac̄ ſaobſac̄
 With legions propitious diligent fierce
 ʒo cuanſaſb̄ ēſſʒe aʒur Jſſſ ʒſſſſ
 To (the) havens (of) Failge and Isle (of) Art.

le ſoſſeaſſ na ſuaʒa do ʒſuaſſeac̄ an leōʒan
 With comeliness the learned will proceed the lion (hero)
 ʒaſur an tſſſſſſa huaſſ ſeac̄ buaſðſe a ſʒleðð
 And the third hour (time) will conquer in battle
 beſð ſʒaoſſe aʒur ſuaʒac̄ uaſſ ʒo ðeo
 Will be separation and banishment from us for ever
 ʒſſſ buſðſſ an uaðaſſ aſ tſuaſſ ſſſſſ ſōſ
 On tribe (of) the pride from territory (of) Luirc yet

From realms afar I see him come,
 With might to right his injured home,
 To hush thy wail, to cheer the Gael,
 And sweep the foe o'er ocean's foam.

Unfoil'd in skill, unmatch'd in might,
 He'll conquer thrice the foe in fight;
 And tyrants proud who swore us slaves,
 By Tuaith Luirc's shore, shall find their graves!
 Each warrior brave, of ancient line,
 Where Eogan, Airt, and Heber shine,
 Would dare oppose a host of foes,
 To gain his monarch's right divine.

Then gentle reason's tranquil reign
 Would bless the earth with peace again;
 And winter time and summer day
 Would prove propitious like his sway.*

INTERLINEAR TRANSLATION.

Ní bfuil óig-éar réim do an fúineadh éar
 Not is young man mild of the tribe just
 Do fúil Eoghán agus Éibhir oile agus Art
 Of blood Eoghan and Heber dreaded and Art
 Nac gluaireis féin gan fuairead a gcéin
 But will proceed self without cessation afar
 Fia éuaireim é do éuir iona éar.
 In expectation him to place in his right.

beis an rathal ruaimheac ríodac ríodac
 Will be the world tranquil peaceable prosperous
 Gan pléis gan buairt gan bhuirgean gan bíon
 Without spite without affliction without quarrelling without grief
 beis an rpeir gan duartan ruim ajiu heoir
 Will be the firmament without darkness much at noon
 Gan fuaic gan fuaic gan teimhol gan ceo
 Without rage without cold without eclipse without mist

* The old historians as rays observe that God blesses the reign of good princes by a succession of peaceful and abundant seasons. VIDE *Teagarth Flaca. Tadg Mac Daire, Mac Bruadeada, nó can.*

Cornôrn na Rêzr do ðlîžeað an ceapit,
 ʒo deð do ſêaplar 'r lîh 'r ðleaçð;
 Ðar Ðuajç ʒan bîéîʒ, hî tpuað fîmjom
 fêh,
 ʒaç tuaçal tpeun do çvîr a ʔac?

bejð ðlîže na Rôma a h-ʒhâ'ar ʒo môr,
 bejð ðjaðaçt 'r ðmð ʒo bîaç ʒan fîmðl;
 'S mîh beað Seoîpîre tlaîç aîr mðð,
 ʒan fîon, ʒan feoîl, ʒan fîhâîçe bîðʒ?
 bejð ʔʒôp aʒ clêîr na çvîhne 'r meaçð,
 'S hî leðîhapað aon 'na ʒ-coîhne teaçð;
 bejð ðuajr ʒaç lae ðá luað ðo'h éîʒre,
 ʒç, ðuajr 'r ðpîeaçt do fêhîhîh feal.

ʒh Ceangal.

ʒîççîm aîr Ðja, ʒapîajîm 'r ʒvðîm ʒo çpuajð,
 Ma ʔamajcc do þjan fîal-tpeað na h-ʒaoî-
 ðeîl a hʒuajr;
 Ðo çajçjom ar ʒat-ʒapçar fâ ðaoîpîre çpuajð,
 'S aîçme na h-ðjaðal h-ʒaʔaçða ðîbîpîç uajîh?

INTERLINEAR TRANSLATION.

Cornôrn na Rêzr do ðlîžeað an ceapit
 Crown (of) the Kings did adjudge the law

ʒo deð do ſêaplar ʔr lîh ar ðleaçð
 For ever to Charles by us is due

Ðar Ðuajç ʒan bîéîʒ hî tpuað fîmjom fêh
 By Jove without lie not pitied with (my) self

ʒaç tuaçal tpeun do çvîr a ʔac.
 Each clown strong to put in sack.

bejð ðlîže na Rôma a hʒhâðar ʒo môr
 Will be law of Rome in practice very great

bejð ðjaðaçt aʒur ðmð ʒo bîaç ʒan fîmðl
 Will be divinity and order for ever without stain

ʒr mîh beað Seoîpîre tlaîç aîr mðð
 And tame will be George timorous on (the) road

ʒan fîon ʒan feoîl ʒan fîhâîçe bîðʒ
 Without wine without meat without thread (of) shoes

With royal crown for monarch meet
 Shall Erin's sons great Charles greet ;
 Each sturdy clown, by Jove, shall drown ;
 We'll make a sack his winding sheet !

And Rome shall hold her ancient reign,
 Her laws and lore shall aye remain,
 And abject George return with shame,
 The starveling boor that first he came !

The priest that hides by cave and fen,
 Shall raise his honour'd head again—
 And to the skies shall hymns arise
 From harp, and choir, and minstrel-men !

The Summing-up.

May heaven, in mercy to its suppliant's call,
 The gourmands quell who hold the Gael in thrall,
 Crush, through the western isle, their ruffian sway,
 And sweep afar the demon brood for aye !

INTERLINEAR TRANSLATION.

beis̃ r̃zõp̃ ãz̃ cl̃eiũ nã cruisẽ ãzur̃ meac̃b̃
 Will be scope to clergy the globe and power

Ãzur̃ ñj̃ leom̃ãfãb̃ aoñ ioñã z̃coĩnẽ teac̃b̃
 And not dare any against them come

beis̃ duaĩr̃ z̃ac̃ laẽ ð̃ã luac̃ ðõ añ ẽĩz̃rẽ
 Will be prize each day adjudged to the sages

Ãc̃ duaĩñ ãzur̃ ð̃meac̃t̃ ðõ f̃ẽĩũĩñ f̃eal̃
 But poetry and verse to sing awhile

Ãñ Cẽãñz̃al̃.

The Summing-up.

Ãĩt̃ẽĩñ ãiũ ð̃iã ĩãr̃ĩãĩñ ãzur̃ z̃ũĩð̃ĩñ z̃õ cruaĩð̃
 I beseech of God I ask and I pray very hard (fervently)

Nã f̃ãm̃ãĩcc̃ ðõ ð̃iãñ f̃ial̃-z̃meac̃b̃ nã ñz̃aõĩð̃ẽĩl̃
 The gluttons that pained (the) generous tribe (of) the Gael

ã ñz̃uac̃ĩr̃
 in jeopardy

ðõ c̃ãĩt̃iõĩñ ãr̃ ĩac̃-ĩãr̃t̃ãr̃ f̃ã ð̃aõĩũrẽ c̃ruaĩð̃
 To cast from isle of the west under bondage hard

Ãzur̃ ãĩc̃mẽ nã ñð̃iãb̃al̃ ñiãr̃ac̃ð̃ã ð̃ĩbĩr̃t̃ ũãĩñ.
 And (the) sect (of) the devils foreign (to) banish from us.

EÓŽAN RUAD UA SÚILLIOBÁIN.

OWEN O'SULLIVAN, a Munster poet of the last century, surnamed the *Red*, from the colour of his hair, was a native of *Slíab Luachra*, a wild mountain district, situated east and north-east of the town of Killarney in the county of Kerry. He flourished in the latter part of the last century. The lot of *Eóžan Ruad*, as he was commonly called, was cast upon evil days, and in an ungenial clime; for, had he belonged to any other country, or creed, or party, than that to which through a life, in other respects wild and irregular, he had invariably adhered, his rare natural endowments—his fervid poetic genius—his acquirements in the highest walks of classic literature, would have procured him notice, and patronage, and fame. The light of a patron's smile never cheered the obscurity of the village bard; but *Eóžan Ruad* had his fame—his pastoral ballad of rural love, yet lives by the streams of the South, at the cottager's hearth, and in the milking bawn of the hamlet, and will live, till tenderness and feeling become aliens to the artless heart of the village maiden. His powerful satires, rife with scathing denunciation, and severe personal invective—his bold enmity to the Saxon—his longings for the restoration of the exiled Stuart—his love songs descriptive of his own irregular amours—these varied compositions, preserved in the native tongue, have cheered the hospitable fireside of the cottier in many a district of Cork, Kerry, and Limerick, where his memory survives, his poems are recited, and the brilliant effusions of his happy wit, shine familiar as household words.

There are, doubtless, many of my readers who now hear of *Eóžan Ruad ua SúillioBáin* for the first time. To them, perhaps, it will be necessary to say, that *Eóžan Ruad* was to Ireland what Robert Burns, at a somewhat later day, was to Scotland, the glory and the shame of his native land. I know no two characters in my range of observation, that so closely resemble each other as Burns and *Eóžan Ruad*—the same poetical temperament—the same desire of notoriety—the same ardent sighings for woman's love—the same embracing friendship for the human family—and the same fatal yearnings after "cheerful tankards foaming," alike distinguished the heaven-taught minstrels. Like Burns, *Eóžan Ruad* first tuned his reed to the charms of nature, and the joys of woman's love—like Burns, the irregularity of his life obliged the clergymen of his persuasion to denounce him; and, like him,

he lashed the priestly order without ruth or remorse*—like Burns, he tried the pathetic, the sublime, the humorous—and, like him succeeded in all. Nor does the parallel end here; they were both born in an humble cottage; both toiled through life at the spade and plough; and both fell, in the bloom of manhood, in the pride of intellect, the victims of uncontrolled passion.

Owen Roe O'Sullivan, like hundreds of his countrymen, followed the occupation of an itinerant potato-digger, and made periodical excursions into the counties of Limerick and Tipperary, in pursuit of this servile occupation. On one of these occasions, happening to receive employment at the house of a farmer in the neighbourhood of Charleville, he was brought into notice by his explanation of a sentence in some Greek author, which had caused much dispute between his employer's son, fresh from a French college, and the old priest of the parish. Owen remained here for some time as a teacher of Greek and Latin, and received high applause in that capacity, till his evil destiny drove him in the way of Mary Casey, a village beauty. The enamoured poet lost all relish for the teaching of dead languages in contemplation of the living charms of his mistress. The school was given up, and Owen's licentiousness denounced from the altar. But Mary lives immortal in the well-known English song (though that tongue was the least of his acquirements,) called "Molly Casey's charms."

It is recorded that Εόζαν Ρουδ committed his first sin of rhyme, while a bare-shinned stripling, at the school of one of these hunted men, whom the severity of the penal code drove for shelter to the fastnesses of Kerry, to teach Greek to cow-boys. Owen was *mitching* all day, and, as he entered the hedge-seminary long after the prescribed time, the master was about to proceed with the process of "*hoisting*" Owen, when the truant begged and obtained one hour to render an account of the peccadilloes of the day,—it was then that the embryo poet produced a lyric in a fanciful dialogue between two married ladies, in which each is made to detail, with much dramatic effect, the failings of her spouse, and the various evils to which matrimony links the wife, who would fain move with her yoke-fellow in freer harness:

* Upon one occasion, Owen Roe's conduct had supplied the pastor of a rural congregation with materials for a lengthened invective against viciousness in general, and the unfortunate rhymers' frailties in particular. At the close of his pious discourse, the worthy priest enquired in the native tongue if Εόζαν Ρουδ were present.—Ατάλημ, replied the irritable son of genius, goaded by the clergyman's *exposé*, to all forgetfulness of the occasion and the time, Ατα Εόζαν Ρουδ αἷψα, αἷψυρ νὰρ ἑς τοῦ τυρά αἵ δατάδωλιν? "Yes, Owen, *the Red*, is here, and may you never behold his dyer!"

Owen Roe taught school at Annagh near Charleville ; while engaged there he wrote satirical songs in ridicule of the Irish volunteers, and lashed, with fearful severity, some village rhymers who attempted to break a lance with him. He died of a relapse of fever at Knocknagree, in his native district, and was buried at Noboval. I have no means at present of ascertaining the period of his death, but I believe it was about the year 1784.

It was at Annagh, probably, that Owen Roe wrote the following beautiful lines addressed to the parish priest, requesting his Reverence to announce from the altar the poet's intention of opening school in the neighbouring townland. The Irish reader will perceive that in these stanzas the translator has not allowed the spirit of the poet to evaporate.

Ա Տաշարտ ծլ ըսիծ, րա Բրաճարի Ինլ 'ր Ալլու,
Եւ ըսիսիս Ե-րան ծոն ծանի, 'ր ըլլի, Ե Զ-ճարտ ;
Ա Զ-ճաճա լոյնի նանիս, Ե մ-Բարիս Ե Ե-ճալ Ե Ե-Եր,
Ալլուր ծո ըս ծո Ե-Երիս մե 'նա մարտ.

Chum teaşarţ ȝăc Եան, Ե մալժե րին Ե րեան,
Է Ելլոյն ծո Ե 'արա, րա Ե-Երիս Ե Ե-ճալ Ե Ե-Եր ;
Տան Ե-Երիս Ե Ե-Երիս Ե Ե-Երիս, Ե 'արիս Ե Ե-Երիս,
Ա Ե-Երիս Ե Ե-Երիս Ե Ե-Երիս Ե Ե-Երիս Ե Ե-Երիս.

Տարի Ե Ե-Երիս ըսա, ըսժժ, ըսիս,
'Տ Ե-Երիս Ե Ե-Երիս Ե Ե-Երիս Ե Ե-Երիս Ե Ե-Երիս ;
Ա մ-Երիս Ե Ե-Երիս Ե Ե-Երիս Ե Ե-Երիս Ե Ե-Երիս,
Ծո ըսիս Ե-Երիս ըս Ե-Երիս Ե Ե-Երիս Ե Ե-Երիս Ե Ե-Երիս ?

Ա Տաշարտ Ե Ե-Երիս 'ր Ե-Երիս Ե Ե-Երիս Ե Ե-Երիս,
Տար Ե-Երիս Ե Ե-Երիս Ե Ե-Երիս Ե Ե-Երիս Ե Ե-Երիս ;
Ալլուր մո ըսլ, Ե 'ր Ե-Երիս Ե Ե-Երիս Ե Ե-Երիս Ե Ե-Երիս,
Ծո Ե-Երիս Ե Ե-Երիս Ե Ե-Երիս Ե Ե-Երիս Ե Ե-Երիս Ե Ե-Երիս ?

Pure learned priest ! akin to Neill and Art,
Whose power protective cheer'd the poet's heart,
The first in danger's van—(so bards have sung them,)
Pray tell thy flock a teacher's come among them.

Well-skill'd in ancient Greek and Roman lore,
Fame-laden lays since Erin's days of yore,
And eke the foeman's tongue, upborne by Law,
Whose phrase uncouth distorts the Gaelic jaw.

Upborne by Law which exiles heroes tall,
Which dooms, by traitors' steel, the chieftain's fall,
Dooms Erin's brave no refuge save their God ;
And me to wield the village pedant's rod !

Mild man of God, and fair religion's glory,
Deep read in holy tomes and tuneful story,
With thy sweet tongue consign to village fame
What learned lore enwreaths thy poet's name !

I have two copies of the following song before me ; one from Mr. Michael O'Sullivan's manuscript, and the other from a manuscript collection made by John O'Donnell, a wandering scribe, of my acquaintance, for a Mr. Michael Cronin, of Gnivgilleh, a townland of the county Kerry, lying westward of Millstreet, and kindly lent by him for the purpose of transcribing any songs not already in my own collection. Wherever these two copies differ, I have retained the words which I thought better, and appeared closer to the original ; and for this purpose, I would be glad to have many versions of a song before me when preparing it for publication, as the songs of our bards, in many instances, have undergone various alterations from the dilapidation sustained by manuscripts from damp and other causes, particularly their falling into the hands of unskilful writers, who adopt what words or readings they please, or which chime best to their ears, though at the same time, differing essentially from the original, as well as from the spirit of the poet.

Such of my readers as have copies of the following old Songs, would confer a favor by forwarding them for publication.

Ṫṛáṇḡe ṼṼaol, *Air—Bubberro dedderro.*

Seáṡṅ buṽḡe.

ṼṼ Ṫṁbaṽṽ ṡeal báṽ.

ṼṼ Chṛṁaṽṽṽṽ ṁaṽṽṽ.

Seáṇ-beáṽ Chṛṽṽṽ ṁṽ Ṫṛṁṁṁṁṁṁ.

ṼṼ Spṁṁṁṁṁṁ Fṁṡṽṽṽ.

ṼṼ ṡṁbaṽṽ Ṫub-

ṼṼṁṁṁṁṁṁṁṁ Ṫṁṁṁṁṁṁṁṁ Spṁṁṁṁṁṁṁ.

ṼṼ Spṁṁṁṁṁṁṁ cṁṁṁ.

J. DALY

Kilkenny, April, 1844.

DOCTIRIUTR JUĠĠO ĠWU.

EOĠAN RUAD UA SÚILLJOĠÁN, MÓ ĊAN.

FONN—"STÁCA AN MARIĠAD"

AG TAJPDJOL NA BLÁJINE, LÁ 'R ME AG MACŢNAM,
 AIN ÁR NA B-KEARMAĠON, FÁILTEAC, FÁIRIUNG;

DO PÓR TPEOIN,¹ BA ĊALMA N-ĠLEO!

MAR NEADAJĠ AN T-ÁL RO ĊÁINĠO O SHAGĠANA,
 A RTÁIT 'R A B-KEARMAITAJ FÁILBE, 'R A MEI-
 ĠIN;

EOĠAN MÓJIN, 'R ĊAIRIBIE 'N T-PLÓĠ!

MA FLAĊA BA ĠNÁĊAC TÁITAC, TPEARMAI,
 TÁ Ġ-CAPTA, DÁ Ġ-CÁIMA, 'R DÁ Ġ-CÁIBLE AG
 FANATIC;

AIN TÁIN NOĊ D'AJBĠ, FAD ĠMÁIN, 'R EARTAJNE,
 ĠMÁRTAJIN ĊEALĠAJĠ, MÁITAJIN MALLAJĠĊE,
 AIN ĊMÓN ĊÓIR, ĊUG MARLA DÓN ÓIR!

INTERLINEAR TRANSLATION.

AG TAJPDJOL NA BLÁJINE LA AGUR ME AG MACŢNAM
 Wandering by Blarney (one) day and I in deliberation
 AIN ÁR NA B-KEARMAĠON FÁILTEAC FÁIRIUNG
 On destruction of the heroes generous open-hearted

¹ TAJLC MAC TPEOIN, the celebrated hero who pursued
 NIAIN-RUAD-ĠMOĊAC into Ireland, and gave battle to FJOĠ MAC
 CÚMAI, and the Irish heroes, under whose protection NIAIN placed
 herself. In this engagement TAJLC slew the most renowned of the
Fenians, but was afterwards slain by ORĠUR in single combat, after
 five days' and five nights' severe fight, as may be seen by the fol-
 lowing stanza:—

Fead cúĠ Ġ-OIĊE, fead cúĠ lá,
 BĠ AN DÍR NÁR ĊLÁIT AG ĠLEIC,
 AIN DÍĊ BÍD, 'R AN BEAGAN RUAIN,
 ĠUR ĊUIT TAJLC LE BUAD MO MEIC.

For five long days and tedious nights,
 Both heroes contest dire maintain'd,—
 Their weary limbs not eas'd by rest,
 Or fainting frames by food sustain'd.

Transactions of the Gaelic Society, Dub. 1808.

Do cāiējorāð ppār zo cārīnari, cāiējotāc,
 ʒan āiṇḍ, ʒan aṭear, zo cīāiḍte, ceapṇaiḡ-
 tēac ;

Ƴā bīḍi mōi, aḡ Ƴeariāð mo ðeḍi !
 ʒur ðearicapa lāiṇ liom bān-čneṣ, bānamiṇi,
 mānlað, māṣeamuṣi, ʒiāḍmari, ʒeanamiṇi ;

Rō mōḍamiṇi, ba cāiēṇjomiāc clōð !
 ba cābaprac, cāblaç, Ƴānḡeac, Ƴada-tiub,
 ʒi Ƴeacāð 'r a Ƴār zo Ƴāi, aṣi baiḷle-čṇiç ;
 ʒi blāiç-foṣit baçalaç, Ƴḡāiṇeac, cīap-ḡjona,
 tāclaç, ṇamiāðtāc, bāi-čar, ðaṣte, lēṣ ;
 ʒiṣi clō 'i ḍiṣi, ʒan Ƴḡamal, ʒan cēḍ !

Do bīð ðeariāð na m-blāiç le Ƴḡāi ba ðeariḡ,
 ʒan tīār 'na leacani, ba bīeāḡtāð laṛa ;
 'S a mōṛ-beol ʒan māḡað, ʒan mōḡo !
 'S a mala ʒan cāiṇ aṣi a Ƴāiṇ-ðearic, aṣiḡ,
 O'Ƴāḡ tāiṇac le ðearitaiḷ, na tāiṇte Ƴeabac ;
 Zo mō-mōi, do ʒīeanaiḡ a clōð !

INTERLINEAR TRANSLATION.

Do cāiējorāð ppār zo cārīnari cāiējotāc
 I spent space in difficulty fretful

ʒan āiṇḍ ʒan aṭear zo cīāiḍte ceapṇaiḡtēac
 Without happiness without joy tormented afflicted

Ƴā bīḍi mōi aḡ Ƴeariāð mo ðeḍi
 Under sorrow great shedding my tears

ʒur ðearicapa lāiṇ liom bān-čneṣ bānamiṇi
 Till I beheld nigh me bright-skin modest

Mānlað māṣeamuṣi ʒiāḍmari ʒeanamiṇi
 Comely elegant lovely amiable

Rō mōḍamiṇi ba cāiēṇjomiāc clōð
 Very modest most acceptable features

ba cābaprac cāblaç Ƴānḡeac Ƴada tiub
 United (in) wreaths ringlets long thick (heavy)

ʒi Ƴeacāð aḡur aḡ Ƴār zo Ƴāi aṣi baiḷle-čṇiç
 Turning and growing to heel trembling

ʒi blāiç-foṣit baçalaç Ƴḡāiṇeac cīap-ḡjonaç
 Her blooming locks curling splitting spreading-fair

Lonely and long that hour of weeping,
 Hopeless, joyless, tearful—steeping
 In salt streams mine eyelids of care—
 While thoughts came dark and dismal o'er me,
 A form of beauty stood before me,
 White bosom'd, heavenly fair !
 Her thick, luxuriant ringlets fell,
 Or stream'd, the soft-wing'd zephyr gracing,
 Or cluster'd o'er her paps' round swell,
 Like sun-wreaths hills of snow enchasing,
 Light, bright, and beautiful there !

Lily and rose, with rival power,
 To grace her cheek, bestow'd their dower,
 Her vermiel, vowless lip to behold,
 And pale, pure brow, and ripe eyes' splendor,
 Did love-lorn heroes hopeless render,
 Slaves chained by tresses of gold—

INTERLINEAR TRANSLATION.

Զաւաւ քառածաւ Բար-ճար ծալքե լէլ
 Woven knotted top-twisted tinted (by) her
 Այլ լոճ ան զայ քան քամալ քան լոճ
 Of tinge of gold without cloud without mist.

Օ՞ Ելծ ծելիւս նա մեղայտե լե քնար Բա ծար
 There was refulgence (of) the flowers with hue like crimson
 Զան շար յոնա լեւան Բա Երեւոյն լար
 Without weakness in her cheek most alluring light
 Այլ և քոյր-Եւոլ քան Երեւոյն քան մոյծ
 And her rosy lips without mockery without vow (guile)
 Այլ և մալ քան լայն ալի և քան-Երեւոյն ալի
 And her brow without stain on her pleasant eye full grown
 Օ՞ քնար լայնաւ լե ծարար Երեւոյն քան լայնաւ
 That left motionless with darts the hosts (of) heroes
 Յո քո-մոյր ծո քնարայն և լոճ
 That too high did admire her shape

Խալ Եալա ալլ աղ Ծ-ԺԱՅ, Ե ԲԻԱՅԱԾ 'Ի Ե
 Շալա-ՇԻՄԻՇ,
 'Տ Ե մամա ԺԵԱՐ ԱՐԾ, ՈՇ Ծ'ԲԱՐ ԱՐԻ ԻԵԱՆԶԱ-
 ՇՈՐԻ;
 ԲԱՆ-ՇՄՈՅԵ ԼԵԱԲԱՐԻԵ, Ծ'ԲԱՅԲԱԾ ԵԱՐԻԱՆԶԵ,
 ԲԱՅԾ 'Ի ԲԱՐԿԱՆԱԾ, ՇԱՅԱԾ 'Ի ՇԵԱՐԿԱ-ԲԱՅՈՅԸ,
 'Տ ՅԼԵՈ ՇՄԵՈՅՆ, ԱՐԻ ԼԵԱՇԱՆ-ԲԻԱԵՐ ԻՐԾՅԼԼ!

ԲԱ ՅԱՐԾԱ, ԲԱ ՇԱՅԾ, ԲԱ ԻԱՆ ԾՈ ՇԱՆԱԾ,
 ՏՈ ՔԱՐ Ե Բ-ՔԱՐԱՅՆ ՆԱ Ն-ԾԱՅՆ, ՅԱՆ ԵԱՐԲԱԾ;
 'Տ ԲԱ ԻԱՅԱՇԱՇ, ԻՇՅԱՆՆԻԼ, Ե ԼԱԲԱՐԵԱ ԲԵՈՅԼ!
 Օ ԲԱՇԱՐ ՏՈ ՇԻԱՅ, ՆՂԼ ՇԱՅՆ 'ՆԱ ԱՅՆՆԻ,
 ԼԵ ԲԱՅԱՅԼ 'ՆԱ ՔԵԱՐԻԱՆ-ՇՄԻՇ, ԱԼՆԻ, ՅՄԵԱՆԵԱԾ;
 ՇՄԻ ՇԵՈ ԱՐԻ ՇԼՈԾ ՆԱ ՄԱՐԶԱԼԱՇ ՕՅ!
 ԾՈ ԲԵԱՆԱԾ ՏՈ ՇԼԱՅԵ-ԵԱՐ, ՅԱՐԻԵԱՇ, ՅԵԱՆԱՆՆԻԼ,
 ՏԱՆ ԵԱՆԶԱԾ ԾՈ Բ'ԱՐԻԱԾ Ե Տ-ՇԼԱՐԻԱՅԵ ԲԱՆԱԲԱԾ;
 ԼԵ ՅԻԱԾ ԾՈՆ ԱՅԵԱՐԿ ԻՆ, ԼԱՅԵԻԵԱՇ ՔՄԵԱԲԱՅՆ,
 ՔԻՈՐ ԲԱՅԵ Ե Խ-ԱՐԵՄԻ, ԾՈՆ ԲԱՆ-ՇՆԵՐԻ ԱՅՇՆ;
 ՅԱՆ ՄՈՐ-ԻՆՈՅ ԱՐԻ ԵԱՇԱՅԵ 'ՆԱ ՇՈՐ?

 INTERLINEAR TRANSLATION.

Խալ Եալա ալլ աղ ԾԺԱՅ Ե ԲԻԱՅԱԾ աջւր Ե Շալա-ՇԻՄԻՇ
 Like a Swan on the beach her neck and her bright form
 Աջւր Ե մամա ԺԵԱՐ ԱՐԾ ՈՇ ԾՈ ԲԱՐ ԱՐԻ ԻԵԱՆԶԱ-ՇՈՐԻ
 And her breasts neat high that grew on slender body
 ԲԱՆ-ՇՄՈՅԵ ԼԵԱԲԱՐԻԵ ԾՈ ԲԱՅԲԱԾ ԵԱՐԻԱՆԶԵ
 Fair fingers slender that left drawn (painted)
 ԲԱՅԾ աջւր ԲԱՐԿԱՆԱԾ ՇԱՅԱԾ աջւր ՇԵԱՐԿԱ-ԲԱՅՈՅԸ
 Boats and barks daws and grouse
 Աջւր ՅԼԵՈ ՇՄԵՈՅՆ ալլ ԼԵԱՇԱՆ-ԲԻԱԵՐ ԻՐԾՅԼԼ
 And battles (of) Treoin on broad sheets (of) silk.

ԲԱ ՅԱՐԾԱ ԲԱ ՇԱՅԾ ԲԱ ԻԱՆ ԾՈ ՇԱՆԱԾ
 Skilful chaste pleasant did sing
 ՏՈ ՔԱՐ Ե ԲՔԱՐԱՅՆ ՆԱ ՆԾԱՅՆ ՅԱՆ ԵԱՐԲԱԾ
 Lively in the language of the bards without defect
 Աջւր ԲԱ ԻԱՅԱՇԱՇ ԻՇՅԱՆՆԻԼ Ե ԼԱԲԱՐԵԱ ԲԵՈՅԼ
 And mild cheerful the words of her mouth (lips)

She's fair as swan by broad, blue lake,
 Like snow-hills rise her bosom's heaving;
 Her hand can heavenly music wake,
 Or draw bright scenes in silken weaving,
 Of sea, shore, or battle-field old.

Modest and mild, her words when spoken,
 Seem ancient strains that bards have woken,
 Strains that grace her soft liquid lips;—
 Faultless and fair, in beauty shining,
 Her magic power left maidens pining,
 Griev'd deep at their beauty's eclipse!
 Low-bending towards the form of light,
 In Gaelic old, she lov'd the dearest,
 I said, "Fair spirit, whence thy flight,
 From friends that love to foes thou fearest,
 Aidless far from soldiers or ships?"

INTERLINEAR TRANSLATION.

Օ ծագար չօ շուրջ ոյ ԲԲԻՐԼ շալմ յօնա միմի
 From head to foot not fault or blemish
 Լե բաճալ յօնա քարբալո-ճիւր ձկն չքանտած
 To be found in her person fair handsome neat (sparkling)
 Շրլլ քծ մի լծծ դա մարջալած ծշ
 Sent mist on the shape of the damsels young
 Օօ Բանայծ չօ լալիւ-շալլ չալլեաճ չեանամալ
 Did salute timorous soft smilingly gracefully
 Տան քանչաճ ծօ Բա արթաճ ա չլալալԵ ԲանաԲաճ
 In the tongue most ancient on the face of *Banba*
 Լե չլաճ ծօն ալիւար րի լալիւեաճ քքեաԲալմ
 For love to advice that presently I start
 Բլօր բալի ա հալլալլ ծօն Բան-ճեյր մլլմ
 Knowledge reason her journey of the white skin I ask
 Շան մօր-լծշ միլլ եաճալԵ յօնա շօր
 Without immense hosts on steeds in her corps

Ἐὰν ἡεῶραιμ ἀ βᾶβ, 'ῥ ἀ βλάτῃ ἡ ἀ μ-βαρῆιοῦ.
'S ἄλῃη περσῖα, 'ῥαῖ βρεᾶζῆαδ' ρεῶραιμ-
ἐμνῆ;

Clód 'ḡur rñód dá b-ḡeacapa fód !
ḡur tu'n mārḡalač mánlað, ḡáirideac, ḡeala-
čneir,

ḡuz a m-barcaib mēic Dáirē rḡár ó Albain;
Cōir leoḡan 'ῥ ḡalariča ḡleo?

Mó'n m-ḡir ḡuz áir na d-táirte a n-ḡamhñ,
Mo'n bḡirngioll 'na deoiz čair rál' do
čairriang;

ḡac áirad ḡairḡe ḡan tlár noč d'áirnið,
ḡnam ra čačā, ba dāna a d-ḡeairib;

Mo'n óz ḡeoid bñd aḡ Mjoll na ḡlód?

D'ḡeairaii rí, aḡ mād, bñd lán do mēanmnað,
'Táirē aḡ tabairt mo lánm, mair čaca dñt;
ḡaol 'n b-ḡóḡmair, ḡo n-áirairi ḡleo?

INTERLINEAR TRANSLATION.

Ἐὰν ἡεῶραιμ ἀ βᾶβ ἀḡur ἀ βλάτῃ ἡ ἀ μβαρῆιοῦ
As I presume babe and bloom of fair-headed

Ἄρ ἄλῃη περσῖα ἀḡur ἀρ βρεᾶζῆαδ' ρεῶραιμ-ἐμνῆ
Most fair person and most alluring standing feature (figure)

Clód ἀḡur rñód dá bḡeacapa fód
Shape and countenance that I have seen yet

ḡur tu an mārḡalač mánlað ḡáirideac ḡeala-čneir
That thou (art) the damsel smooth joyful bright-skinned

ḡuz a mbarcaib mēic Dáirē rḡár ó Albain
Brought in barks (of) Sons (of) Dary of a time from Albany

Cōir leoḡan ἀḡur ḡalariča ḡleo
Corps (of) heroes and weapons (for) war

Mó an áirngioll ḡuz áir na d-táirte a n-ḡamhñ
Or the damsel brought destruction the hosts in *Emania*

Mo an bḡirngioll na deoiz čair rál' do čairriang
Or the maiden after her across ocean did pull

"O! be thy lowly slave forgiven,
 Who hails thine eye as light from heaven,
 And thou now a fay in disguise!
 The maid mayhap whose charm ensnaring,
 Led Dairy's Son to warlike Erin,
 His North Star the light of thine eyes—
 Or ruin'd Emania's hero host,
 Or led brave Greece o'er ocean's water,
 In tall barks towards the Dardan coast,
 To give proud Troy to flames and slaughter—
 Dear pledge for Paris's prize."

"Arise," she cries, "let joy possess thee—
 Ere harvest's golden glories bless thee,
 Thine ear hears the battle-cry loud—
 Go tell the bards who pine in sadness,
 To teach their harp-string songs of gladness,
 And raise strains of victory proud!"

 INTERLINEAR TRANSLATION.

Ծաօ արած չարժէ չաղ լար ուօժ Ծօ արմիծ
 Each hero valour without weakness whom did calculate

Քրիամ իս ճաճա Բա ծաղա և ծշեարայծ
 Priam his armies fierce in battles

Ոճ աղ օջ իւօյծ Բյծ աջ Ալլիլ յա իլօջ
 Or the young gem was with Achilles the hosts.

Ծօ իբեաջայլ իյ աջ իած Բյծ լաղ Ծօ մեղամիած
 Did reply she saying be full of merriment

Աշայմբե աջ տաճայլե մօ լայմ մար լաճա ծիշ
 I am giving my hand as surety to you

Բաօլ աղ Բբօջմար չօ յամարժայլ չլեօ
 Before the harvest you will behold slaughter

Աջար ալլիլ իլ Ծօ իայլծ Բալ աղ տալեար
 And relate you to (the) bards (of) Fail the admonition

Ծաղ լար Ծօ լաղայլ լե իայլե աջար տալեար
 Without weakness I relate with affection and delight

'S aic̃m̃r r̃i d'f̃aig̃ib̃ f̃ãil, an t-aic̃eayc,
 ʒan t̃l̃ar do c̃añaim, le p̃ãip̃t 'r̃ t̃ãic̃h̃iõm̃;
 Do'ñ õʒ leōʒan, do f̃eal̃b̃ãið m'ōʒac̃o?
 ʒ̃m̃ t̃alãm̃, 'r̃ ãm̃ f̃ãil' t̃a'̃n b̃ãip̃e c̃aỹda l̃ĩh̃
 M̃j' l̃reaỹam̃, ña c̃ar, le f̃ãʒ̃ãil aʒ ʒallãp̃w̃c̃;
 'S ñj̃ f̃ãʒ̃f̃ar̃ ãm̃m̃ d̃a ñ-āl, a m̃-b̃reatãn,
 ʒ̃m̃ d̃-teac̃t̃ a b̃ãile do'ñ b̃āñ-f̃lãĩt̃ r̃eo aʒ
 t̃ãip̃õj̃ol

le r̃eōl c̃ō̃m̃, ʒo f̃eap̃ant̃ar̃ eōʒãn?
 D̃a c̃ab̃ãm̃ ãt̃a ña Sp̃ãĩh̃ʒ̃ c̃al̃mað,
 ʒ̃m̃ m̃āʒ̃a, 'r̃ ãm̃ m̃ac̃ãip̃e, d'f̃aʒ̃ f̃aõi
 t̃ãip̃ẽỹr̃ne;

ʒ̃m̃ r̃eōc̃ c̃ō̃m̃ ña Saʒ̃ran ʒan t̃reō̃m̃!
 'S c̃ãic̃h̃ĩleac̃o 'ñ c̃l̃ãm̃, do m̃ā̃r ña r̃eana-
 r̃toc̃,

D'f̃ãr̃ a m̃-bañabad̃, ā̃m̃rad̃, t̃reaỹãm̃ṽl,
 ʒ̃ñ f̃lioỹ leōʒan, 'r̃ t̃aca le t̃ō̃m̃.
 M̃j̃ l̃ẽiʒ̃f̃õ ãm̃ l̃ā̃m̃ ʒo b̃r̃ãĩt̃ a ñ-ãm̃ãĩb̃,
 ʒo ñ-ʒlañãið f̃aõĩt̃-h̃ā̃ll̃ õ ā̃d̃al ña ñ-dãh̃ãm̃ĩb̃;
 ʒan t̃r̃ā̃c̃t̃ ãm̃ c̃aỹad̃, ña f̃ãʒ̃ãil ãm̃ ãm̃ioc̃,
 ʒ̃r̃t̃ãĩt̃ ña b̃-f̃eap̃ant̃ar̃, ʒo ʒā̃m̃deac̃ c̃añãið,
 le m̃ō̃m̃-r̃ʒō̃m̃, c̃eac̃o ãm̃en le h̃-eōʒan?

INTERLINEAR TRANSLATION.

Do añ õʒ leōʒan do f̃eal̃b̃ãið mõ õʒac̃o
 To the youthful hero (who) did possess (enjoy) my virginity
 ʒ̃m̃ t̃alãm̃ aʒ̃r̃ ãm̃ f̃ãile t̃a añ b̃ãip̃e c̃aỹda l̃ĩh̃
 By land and by sea is the goal turned with us
 Ñj̃ b̃f̃ṽl̃ r̃eaỹam̃ ña c̃ar le f̃ãʒ̃ãil aʒ ʒallãp̃w̃c̃
 Not stand (footing) or pity extended to foreigners
 Aʒ̃r̃ ñj̃ f̃ãʒ̃f̃ar̃ ãm̃m̃ d̃a ñāl a m̃b̃reatãn
 And not left name of (their) brood in Britain
 ʒ̃m̃ d̃teac̃t̃ a b̃ãile do añ b̃āñ-f̃lãĩt̃ r̃eo aʒ t̃ãip̃õj̃ol
 On arriving home to the fair hero who is approaching
 le r̃eōl c̃ō̃m̃ ʒo f̃eap̃ant̃ar̃ eōʒãn
 With sail (gale) fair to the inheritance of Eoghan
 D̃a c̃ab̃ãm̃ ãt̃a ña Sp̃ãĩh̃ʒ̃ c̃al̃mað
 Assisting him are the Spaniards hardy

Each chief shall wave a conqueror's blade,
 When war's fierce lash shall scourge the stranger ;
 From Britain's isle his name shall fade,
 When comes old Erin's brave avenger,
 To weave the foe a wide, bloody shroud—

“ When Spain sends bravest heroes hither,
 Oppression's arm shall waste and wither,
 By sea, by shore—the despot's reward—
 And slavery's chain shall rive asunder,
 When Erin's brave, 'mid war's wild thunder,
 In gore bathe the green battle-sword—
 No thought of ruth, nor word of peace
 By heart be felt—by tongue be spoken,
 'Till quenched in blood, his light shall cease,
 And Saxon power lie crushed and broken”—
 Shout loud Amen to the bard !

INTERLINEAR TRANSLATION.

Այլ մաճա գոյր այլ մաճայիւ ծօ քաջ քաօլ շարճայիւ
 On field and on plain did leave under contumely

Այլ քեօճ շօրն դա Տաշրոն շոն տիւօյլ
 To wither tribe the Saxon without strength

Աշուր շարճիւթաճա աղ Շլայր ծօ մար դա քեօնարտօ
 And the soldiers of *Clar* of race of the ancient stock

Ծօ քար ա մեօնաբաճ ճարճ շիւթարտիւ
 That sprang in *Banba* ancient warlike

Ան քիօր լեօճոն գոյր տաճա լե տօյլ
 The princely hero and support with pursuers

Ոյ լեյշքիւ ճարճար շօ երճիւ ա դարմայիւ
 Not will lay down for ever their arms

Շօ ոշլոնքայճ քաօլտ-հալլ օ աճալ դա դճոնարմայիւ
 'Till they sweep white-hall from brood the demons

Շոն տիւթօն այլ շարճ դա քաճալ այլ ճարճօ
 Without thought of returning or chance of restitution

Ա քալիւ դա իքեօնարտայր շօ շայրմեաճ շարճ
 Their estates or inheritances joyfully sing ye

Լե մօր քշօրն շեաճ ապոյլ ի-Էօճոն
 With full scope hundred amens with Owen

ḡÉIBIOMM NRI M-ḡUOIÐÉIL.

Éḡḡan Ruad, mó éan.

ḡoñ—"Seáḡan bḡde."

ḡḡ ḡaḡḡoḡol na ḡléḡḡte ḡam ḡealad ain aonam
 ḡo ḡad-ḡḡḡḡeac, céarḡa, ḡan áḡḡ ḡḡḡ;
 'S mé maḡḡnam áḡ ḡlé-beaḡḡaḡḡ ḡanḡḡde
 an ḡ-ḡaḡḡḡl,
 Do ḡeaḡḡ mo ḡḡéi, 'ḡ do éḡáḡaḡḡ ḡḡ?
 ḡḡ ḡ-ḡlaḡa maḡ ḡḡḡḡḡḡḡḡ ḡalla-ḡḡc
 élaonad,
 'S a mbaiḡte-ḡḡḡ aolḡa, maḡ ḡáḡḡḡeag;
 'S an donuḡ le céḡle dá ḡḡḡa ḡac lae oḡḡḡḡ,
 O ceanḡlad éḡḡe le Seáḡan bḡde!

INTERLINEAR TRANSLATION.

ḡḡ ḡaḡḡoḡol na ḡléḡḡte ḡam ḡealad ain aonam
 Wandering the mountains to me while alone
 ḡo ḡadḡḡḡeac céarḡa ḡan áḡḡ ḡḡḡ
 With long wearied tormented without desire facetious
 ḡḡḡ me maḡḡnamáḡ ḡlé-beaḡḡaḡḡ ḡanḡḡde an ḡḡaḡḡḡl
 And I meditating on evil deeds deceitfulness(of)the world

1 The *Air* of this song is well known in the most remote district of Munster, particularly Cork and Kerry. It is founded on a very low version, of which the following stanza will suffice to form a just idea. Should any of my readers favor me with a full copy, I would publish it in *juxta-position* with an able reply by Ulliam Dall, a Tipperary bard, whom I shall soon introduce to the notice of the public.

"Cḡḡḡeadoḡa 'n móḡḡḡe ḡeardá dá ḡḡḡḡḡḡ,
 ḡ ḡ-Corḡa, a ḡ-Éḡáḡl 'ḡ a ḡ-ḡḡḡḡḡḡ;
 'S ḡḡ leḡḡaḡad aon ḡḡḡ-beaḡ ḡaḡaḡl éoḡḡḡ an bóḡaḡ,
 Le ḡ-eaḡla an móḡḡḡe, Seáḡan bḡde?"

The term *Seáḡan bḡde*, *Yellow Jack*, or *Orange Jack*, was first applied to the followers of William III. and is now bestowed by the lower classes on such members of the various Protestant sects scattered over the face of this unhappy country, as are known to be most inimical to the Catholic faith. It is generally believed that the *initatory* oath of an Orangeman binds him to fight "knee-deep in Popish blood," and the furious and intolerant acts of these parties tend to confirm this idea more and more. The inflictions endured under

CAPTIVITY OF THE GAEL.

Air— "Shane Bui."

I wander'd the moorland all weary and worn,
 Fell sorrow my pathway pursuing ;
 Revolving what fetters our chain'd limbs have borne—
 Sad sighing at Erin's undoing—
 Our princes' sad thrall, and our fair cities' fall,
 And wide wasted plains did appal me ;
 And my tongue curs'd that day of the false Saxon's sway,
 When Erin was shackled by *Shane Bui* !

INTERLINEAR TRANSLATION.

Do fear̃ mo ʒñéi aʒṽr do éiádaʒ̃ r̃iñ
 Did wither my countenance and did torment us
 Ãi b̃ẽlãta mãi é̃ié̃ʒ̃iõdãi ʒalla p̃nẽ é̃laoñãd̃
 Our nobles as forsaken (by) English bucks false-hearted
 Ãʒṽr a m̃bãiʒ̃ẽp̃ṽiʒ̃ aol̃da mãi f̃á̃r̃ṽdẽãʒ̃
 And their fortresses brilliant made desolate
 Ãʒṽr ãñ dõñṽr lẽ é̃ẽple dã dõm̃ta ʒãc̃ lãẽ õm̃ṽṽñ
 And the evil together shedding each day on us
 Õ cẽãñʒ̃lãd̃ é̃iʒ̃ẽ lẽ Sẽãʒ̃ãñ ṽṽdẽ
 Since fettered Erin by John Yellow (*Shane Bui*)

the penal code, elicited many of these Jacobite songs from the bards of this period ; and, imbibing as they do, the political sentiments of a persecuted people, are calculated to keep alive a glowing hatred of the Saxon, which time can never efface. In furnishing the present version, I have had two copies of the song before me—one supplied by Mr. Michael Browne, Lismore, County Waterford, and the other from Mr. Michael O'Sullivan's manuscript collection.

Let the reader pause to behold, how the inspiration of genius enables the poet to stretch his far ken into the dark vista of the future. It is an historical fact, that at the Boyne, William's soldiers wore green boughs in their head gear to distinguish them in battle ; and yet our bards quickly named them the *Orange* or *Yellow* race. The *Upas* tree of Ireland is of very recent planting, yet our gifted seers had the heart of the nation prepared to pour forth the full measure of execration at the advent of the oft-sung badge of Saxon ascendancy.

ԸՈՐԻ ԲԵՐԻՆ Ե ԶՇԱՐԼԾՈՐԻԵ ՐԵԲԵՐԵ ԵՐԵՄԻԵ,
 ԾԱՄ ՄԻՇԵԱՆԱ ԶԵՐԻԱ ԾՔՆՑ ԵՒՄԱԾ ՐԻՆ !
 ԼԱՆ Ծ՛ԱՅԵՐ ԵՑ ԷՐԵԲԵԱԾԵ ԼԵ ԸԱՆԵԱՆ ՆԱ
 Դ՛ԵԱՆԼԱԻԾ,
 ԾԱ ՐՐԵԱՅԱԾ ԵՐԻ ՆԱ ԶԵԱՅԱԾ ՅՕ ՐԱՅԻԲԻՆ ?
 Ծ՛ԱՄԱՐԿԱՐ ՐՐԵՅԻ-ԲՆԻՄՆՅԻՈԼԼ, ԶԵԱՆԱՄՆԱԾ,
 ԾԷԾ-ՋԵԱԼ,
 ԸՇՈՐՆ, ԸՐԻՇԱՆԱԾ, ՐԷՄԻՆ, ԵՑ ԵԱԾԾ ԼԱՅԻՆ ԼԻՆ ;
 Ա ՄԱՅՐԵ ՛Ր Ե ՄԱՐԻԾԱԾԾ ՔԱՅԻ ԲԱՐԻԱ ԶԱՆ
 ԲՐԷԱՅՆԱԾ,
 Օ ՆԱ ԲՔԵԱԿԱԾ ԾՕ ԲԷԻՇԻԲ, Ե Զ-ԸԼԱՐԻ ԸՆՆ.

ԲԱ ԸԱԲԱՐԿԱԾ, ԾՐԷՄԻՄԵԱԾ, ԾԱԵԵ, ԵՐԻՍ, ՐԷԱՐԼԱԾ,
 ԲՕՑ, ԲԱՇԱԼԼԱԾ, ՆԻԱՄԾԱԾ, ՆԱ ԵԱՇԼԱՕԻ ;
 Ա ԸԱՐԻՆ-ՔՕԼԵ ԸՐԱՕԲԱԾ, Ե ՔԵԱԿԱԾ ՛ՆԱ ՐԼԱՕԾԱ,
 Օ ԲԱՇՐԻ ԶՕ ՄԵՍԻԱԻՍ Ե ԲԱՆ-ԵՐԻՕՋԵ :

 INTERLINEAR TRANSLATION.

ԸՈՐԻ ԲԵՐԻՆ Ե ԶՇԱՐԼԾՈՐԻԵ ՐԵԲԵՐԵ ԵՐԵՄԻԵ
 By a rivulet in narrow woody I rested awhile
 ԾԱՄ ՄԻՇԵԱՆԱ ԶԵՐԻԱ ԾՔՆՑ ԵՒՄԱԾ ՐԻՆ
 Of my excursions sharp left motionless us
 ԼԱՆ ԾՕ ԱՅԵՐ ԵՑ ԷՐԵԲԵԱԾԵ ԼԵ ԸԱՆԵԱՆ ՆԱ ՆԷԱՆԼԱԻԾ
 Full of joy listening with warbling of birds
 ԾԱ ՐՐԵԱՅԱԾ ԵՐԻ ՆԱ ԶԵԱՅԱԾ ՅՕ ՐԱՅԻԲԻՆ
 Bursting forth on the branches so very sweet (harmonious)
 ԾՕ ԱՄԱՐԿԱՐ ՐՐԵՅԻ ԲՆԻՄՆՅԻՈԼԼ ԶԵԱՆԱՄՆԱԾ ԾԷԾ ՋԵԱԼ
 I beheld a slender maid chaste white toothed
 ԸՇՈՐՆ ԸՐԻՇԱՆԱԾ ՐԷՄԻՆ ԵՑ ԵԱԾԾ ԼԱՅԻՆ ԼԻՆ
 Sweet tempered friendly modest approaching nigh us
 Ա ՄԱՅՐԵ ԱՅՐԻ Ե ՄԱՐԻԾԱԾԾ
 Her gracefulness and her mildness
 ՔԱՅԻ ԲԱՐԻԱ ԶԱՆ ԲՐԷԱՅՆԱԾ
 Obtained sway without flattery
 Օ ՆԱ ԲՔԵԱԿԱԾ ԾՕ ԲԷԻՇԻԲ Ե ԶԸԼԱՐԻ ԸՆՆ
 From all I have seen of nymphs in territory of Conn

Where trees woo'd the stream of a valley profound,
 And woodbines a bower had bound me,
 Fair visions poetic came floating around,
 As wild birds pour'd melody round me—
 Then burst on my eye a bright star of the sky,
 She smiles—and her white teeth enthrall me—
 'Tis heaven I behold in her features' fine mould,
 Though shaded with sorrow by *Shane Bui*!

Thick, fragrant, and fair fell her bright, shiny locks,
 Rare tresses in beauty contending,
 Whose long-wreathed ringlets all rivalry mocks,
 To her exquisite ancle descending!

INTERLINEAR TRANSLATION.

α ἑδαιμῆς δῆμιμῆς δαίτε τῆς πῆμῆς*
 o closely braided odorous highly sparkling

οἱ βᾶδῆς ἡμῆς ἡ τᾶδῆς
 oft curled brilliant in tresses

α καμῆς ἐμῆς αἱ πῆμῆς ἡμῆς
 er flowing locks branchy folding in wreaths

οἱ βᾶδῆς ἡμῆς αἱ πῆμῆς
 rom head to toes her white feet

* Decorated with pearls, or other ornaments, which shewed a brilliancy almost equal to the rays of the sun.

Dearbaid éigre ari amharc a rḡéime,
 Sur samhul a n-ḡnéi, 'r a ḡ-cáilídeacht;
 Leir an lompad a ḡcéin, le ḡairḡe don ḡréi
 Tuḡ calm' mac Iaron do báir cloíðin.

ba mairlead a h-éadan tair, chearda, a
 aol-dáit,
 'S ba samhul le caol-mbe a dá bhaol,
 Tairmairḡe ari mēil-dearica, mairia, mēit
 ḡlara,
 Cealḡ na céadta le láimac rājead!
 'Ma leacad a plēmeacht bīd lara na ḡ-caorica
 Tmē rneacht na plēbte ḡo rāin, rjodac;
 'R pé cealḡ ḡo h-aodas me, nuair beartai
 'na dēiḡ rin,
 'R beit rnamairḡe a ḡ-clēmeacht, le Seāḡar
 bḡde!

'R pearra ba fēime, a mama ba ḡēme,
 'S a reanḡa-cōirp aolda ḡan rāḡail tēimol;
 Mīl ḡanḡo, nā claoi-beart, a d-tairḡe 'na
 caoin-ōmḡt,
 'S ar tairneamac, raor-ḡlan, a cáilídeacht:

INTERLINEAR TRANSLATION.

Dearbaid éigre ari amharc a rḡéime
 Confirmed by bards on beholding her beauty
 Sur samhul a n-ḡnéi aḡur a ḡcáilídeacht
 That equal in countenance and in appearance (fame)
 Leir an lompad a ḡcéin le ḡairḡe don ḡréiḡ
 With the -fleece afar by valour to Greece
 Tuḡ calma mac Iaron do báir cloíðin
 Obtained mighty son (of) *Æson* by point sword
 ba mairlead a h-éadan tair chearda ari aoldait
 So graceful her forehead soft modest on lime colour
 Aḡur ba samhul le caolmbe a dá bhaol
 And equal to slender hair her two brows
 Tairmairḡe ari mēildearica mairia mēiḡlara
 Painted on starry eyes stately clear blue

And thus wake in song, to these bright tresses long,
Harps warblingly wild as the *Ceol-shee*,*
“More rich than the fleece brought by Jason to Greece,
The golden hair sullied by *Shane Bui*!—”

The arch of her brow is a soft silky hair,
Her forehead with modesty brightening;
To meet the dread light of her blue eye forbear—
There's death in the flash of its lightning!
The red berry's glow, lofty Mangerton's snow,
Ever change on her cheek to enthrall thee—
And my heart rent in twain when I thought of her chain,
Fast knotted in nuptials to *Shane Bui*!

Sprightly, yet mild, her fair countenance shone,
Her breast heav'd like billows of ocean;
The heart that throb'd warm 'neath her emerald zone
Never bounded to passion's commotion—

INTERLINEAR TRANSLATION.

Cealz na céadta le lámhac faígead
pierced the hundreds by casting arrows
ona leacab a pléimeacét úd lara na zcaora
her cheeks varying was blush (hue) the grapes (berries)
Trie fheacda na pléibte zo ram rjódaé
through snow of the mountains tranquil peaceful
re cealz zo haodaib me nuair beartar ionadéiz rin
It pierced to the livers me when I judged afterwards
beiré rhamaidé a zcléimeacab le Seazán Buide.
to be fettered in nuptials with John Yellow.
A pearra ba féime a mama ba zéime
her person so gentle her breasts so pointed
zur a reanzacorp aolda zan fažal teimeal
And her slender person bright without appearance of gloom
li beil zanzud na claoibgeit a dcairze iona caom émeit
not is venom or false action in store in her mild countenance
zur ar taítheamhac raonžlan a cáilídeacét
And most acceptable noble her appearance (fame)

* Fairy Music.

Այլ ամաբ ա բջիմե օ Բաժար յօ Երկուց
Ծ' Բարբառէար բնոյն ծե'ն Ենին ;

Ա հայրն Լե հեթեաժ, 'ր Դա Եարտա շար
բնէլտոյ,

Ծա բանալ ա շ-Են Լար, Դա բանիջեաժ ?

'Տ Եարեանձ, Եարաձ, ծամ Ծ'բարգար Դ
բբն-Եան,

Բոր Դայրն Ծո Եար' ծիտ, յօ բար-Երն ;

'Տ Դե ԵանԵարաժ Աոնշար, Երն Եալմա, 'ր
Դնլ ծիծ,

Բար շարամ Դա հ-Երնոն Դա բարբիջեաժ :
Տօ Դն Ե'աժար Երն Դե-ր յօ հ-Արշե Դա
աոնար,

Տիօժ Եարլ Դա Դ-Եարբնոյ բար Դար-Եր ;

Աշ Եալար Դա Եարաժ, Ծո Եալբար Եր-Երն,

'Տ Եարն շաձ Դոն Դեաձ Ծ'ար Դարնիջար !

Եար Եալե 'ր Լն Լոն, Դա Եանգալ Դա Եար-
բնաժ,

Այլ Եանա Դնլար շաձ Լա Եոն !

INTERLINEAR TRANSLATION.

Այլ ամաբ ա բջիմե օ Բաժար յօ Երկուց
On beholding her beauty from head to slender foot

Ծո Բարբառէար բնոյն ծե Դն Եարն
Did inquire I myself of the babe

Ա հայրն Լե հեթեաժ Եար Դա Եարտա Երն բնէլտոյ
Her name with effect and the deeds sent a star

Ծա բանալ ա շ-Են Լար Դա բանիջեաժ
Her equal afar distant a wanderer

Ար Եարեանձ Եարաձ ծամ Ծո Բարգար Դա Բբն-Եան
'Tis friendly polite to me did reply the heavenlymaiden

Բոր Դայրն Ծո Եարաժ ծիտ յօ բար-Երն
Knowledge my name I will give to you accurately

Ար Դե ԵանԵարա Աոնշար Երն Եալմա Եար Դնլ ծիծ
I am niece to Aongus Conn mighty and Neil dark

As my greedy eye stray'd o'er the beautiful maid,
 "Queen of beauty," I cried, "O recall me
 Thy fortune's dark fall that consign'd thee a thrall,
 To the cold-hearted *Sassanach*, *Shane Bui*!"

"My grief," said the maiden of heavenly mien,
 "Reveals thee my sorrowful story—
 Dark Niall beheld me, a diadem'd queen,
 And Conn added rays to my glory!
 But red torch and glaive sweeps the land of the brave,
 And horrors unceasing appal me,
 That give the proud dome for the *Sassanach* home,
 And the fields of our fathers to *Shane Bui*!"

"And O! the deep gloom of my wild-throbbing breast,
 That men who should die to avenge her,

INTERLINEAR TRANSLATION.

Fuair zmadam na hÉirinn a bparitzéacé
 Had dominion of Erin in unity
 Seo an tadbair éis mpre zo haruzé am aonar
 This the cause brought me plundered desolate (lone)
 Sliocé Ćairill a ndaoibíur fad arís éis*
 Tribe of Cashel in bondage under high rent(crownrents)
 Az Gallaiċ an béaia do fealbaiċ aolbíuiz
 By Saxons the English did possess mansions
 Azur fearu zác aon neac do ar áiríċdear
 And inheritance each one person that I have mentioned

Cúir caite azur leu lċom an ceizal ra daoibíuacé
 Cause of blemish and woe to me the fetters and captivity
 Air élaċa Míleirur zác la éisim
 On sons of Milesius each day I see

* The head-rent, or tribute paid the reigning monarch, and named
 y the subject, as *crown*, or *quit-rents*.

Dá h-ghleada, dá g-céara, da g-capta, dá
 d-tpiocha,
 Faoi 'h ama, ag béartaib an ghnátc-íeill !
 'S deaib zup baogálaic díb fearg an aon
 meic,
 D'búir g-cornam go h-éag mar atá-taoi ;
 'S nac rgarfari me ari aoncori, re d'uibre
 mo déara,
 Le leabaib an rmeille rin, Seágan buide !
 Ari aitéir an rgeil rin gan bladau do'n píll-
 tion,
 'S caicic, boic, taomac, pluic, d'fág ríi ;
 'S mo deaica ag faoi-íle laicda tuib déara,
 Go h-uibis 'r níor b-íeoiri a d-tpága linn :
 Uicim go h-éaghaic ari Uicair na naoim ngeal,
 Go rgarfe an daoi-rgamal pláig, dínn ;
 Do fearmaic ari gaoideilb, 'r go b-faicimís
 éire,
 Ag aicaiac céile tair Seágan buide.

INTERLINEAR TRANSLATION.

Da hghleada da gcéara da gcapta dá dtpiocha
 Scorched tormented pitchforked subdued

Faoi an ama ag béartaib an ghnátc íeill
 Under the yoke by boors of constant treachery

Ar deaib zup baogálaic díb fearg an aon meic
 'Tis true that threatens you wrath the only son

Do búir gcornam go h-éag mar atá-taoi
 To you protect timely as ye are

Agur nac rgarfari me ari aoncori ré do aibid mo
 And not divorced at all 'tis what matured my
 déara
 tears

Le leabaib an rmeille rin Seágan buide.
 From bed of churl that John Yellow.

See fair Erin smitten, evicted, oppress'd,
 In chains of the treacherous stranger !
 And O ! that the doom of the tyrant were come,
 And the salt drops were dried that now fall free,
 And a proud nation's force could procure a divorce
 From the dull, plodding plunderer, *Shane Bui !*"

I heard the sad tale of the maiden distress'd,
 Woe-burden'd and weak at the telling ;
 My tears' briny stream had its source in my breast
 Where shame and wild anguish were swelling—
 And Erin of love, may the Father above
 From the plague of the tyrant recall thee,
 And thy young heart rejoice with the spouse of thy choice,
 When sever'd, for ever, from *Shane Bui !*

INTERLINEAR TRANSLATION.

Արմ արելլր ան բշել ըն չան ԵլաԾար Ծօ ան բելլւոն
 On relating the tale this without flattery to the star
 Ար ԿաԾաԾ ԲօԾԾ ԿաՕմաԾ բլլուԾ Ծօ բձ ըն
 Tis mournful poor sickly tearful did part us
 Աշւր մօ ԾարւԿա աշ ըաօր իլե ԼաԾԾա ԷլլւԾ Ծարւա
 And my eyes free shedding streams heavy tears
 Ծօ ԽալԵլ աշւր ղյօր Բբելլլւա Ե Ծրաձա Լլլ
 Quickly and not possible to dry with us
 ԱլլԵլլմ չօ ԽաշղաԾ Ելլ ԱԾալլ Խա Խաօր Խշալ
 beseech fervently on Father the saints bright
 Ծօ ըշալբե ան Ծաօր-ըշալմալ բլալձ Ծլլ
 So scatter the black cloud plague of us
 Ծօ բարւաԾ Ելլ ՇաօրԾելլԵ աշւր չօ ԲբալլլլմլԾ Ելլե
 That poured on Irishmen and may we behold Erin
 Աշ աԾարաԾ Ելլե Եար Տաշան ԽլլԾե
 With a different spouse from *Shane Bui*.

SŪIL-ĊABWARTIÐ ĒJRJOMM!

Eððan Ruad, þó ðan.

Fonn—"Sjoda tād ballaſt."

Coſſ aḃaſſ a nēſ, 'ſ me aſ tairdſol a ſ-cēſſ,
 ſo ƿad-čuiſſreac, ƿaon, ſan ſuaſſiceaſ;
 O' aſſaſcaſ bēſt 'na ƿačaiſb aſ tēacō,
 ba ſeanaiſaſ ſnēſ, 'ſuſ ſnuad-ōſreac:
 ba ƿſneaiſſiſ tapa, ba iſſealta tairdſol,
 aſ dſuiſdſiſ ḃam aſce ḃon ƿuaſſ ſſi!
 aſ deſiſſiſ ſuſ beaſtaſ nač bſuiſſſeall de'n
 aſcme,
 Oo ſeſnead aſſi talaſſ an ſtuaiſſe.

ba čaḃaſſreac lēſ ſo h-altaiſb a cſiaob-ſolt,
 bačallač, ſſaiſſōac, ſuallač;
 ba ḃaſte 'nā 'n ſeac le ſaſſſe do'n ſſiēſſ,
 Čuſ calſſ iſſac ſaſon uaiſſiſſe:
 'S ſreac ba ſaſda; ba ſſuiſōte, ba ſnaſda,
 ba oſte, ba aſte, ba uaiſſe;
 ba bſſne, ba bſaſda, ba čſiſſe, ba čneaiſda,
 ba ſuiſſte o'āſi beaſcaſ aſſi čuaſſiſb.

INTERLINEAR TRANSLATION.

Coſſ aḃaſſ a nēſ aſuſ me aſ tairdſol a ſ-cēſſ
 By a river yesterday and I wandering afar

ſo ƿadčuiſſreac ƿaon ſan ſuaſſiceaſ
 Long wearied feeble without mirth

Oo aſſaſcaſ bēſt ſona ƿačaiſb aſ tēacō
 I beheld a nymph in haste approaching

ba ſeanaiſuſl ſnēſ aſuſ ſnuad-ōſreac
 So graceful countenance and visage

ba ſuiſſeaiſaſl tapa ba iſſealta tairdſol
 So firm lively so nimbly approaching

aſ dſuiſdſiſ ḃam aſce ḃon ƿuaſſ ſſi
 Moving to me nigh of flight that

aſuſ aſ deſiſſiſ ſuſ beaſtaſ nač bſuiſſſeall ḃo an aſcme
 And 'tis truly that I judged not a maid of the tribe

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

"We have already noticed the collection of Jacobite relics and other songs in course of publication in penny numbers by Mr. Daly of Kilkenny. It has arrived at the fifth number without any diminution of interest. Each song is accompanied by an interlinear translation, and a metrical version by Mr. Edward Walsh, the writer of some popular poetry in this Journal. We notice it, at present, extract a favorite relic of great beauty from the last number."

* * * * *

"Nothing can be better calculated to promote the reading of the Irish Language among the people, than a publication, so popular in price and spirit; and we trust the Catholic Clergy, and the Teetotal Societies will put it in their way."—*Nation*.

"We think the public are deeply indebted to Mr. Daly, for the production of this National Work: independently of its value as an addition to our national literature, its influence in a political point of view will be very great, perhaps incalculable. He was a profound Statesman who said, 'Give me the making of a Nation's laws, and I care not who makes her laws.'"—*Kilkenny Journal*.

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"We agree with our excellent contemporary, the *Drogheda Argus*, in thinking that they (the Songs) may be rendered subservient to a further purpose, and would afford the most valuable help in learning the language for the first time. Speaking of one of the Songs, 'The Peril of Britain,' it says, 'It is like the rest a Jacobite production, breathing forth the burning soul of the enslaved and plundered Irishman, wrapped in his maddening dreams of liberation and vengeance.'"—*Ibid*.

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INTERLINED LITERAL TRANSLATIONS,

AND HISTORICAL ILLUSTRATIVE NOTES,

BY JOHN DALY,

TOGETHER WITH

METRICAL VERSIONS BY EDWARD WALSH.

AN TEANZAD 3A0IDEIL 5E

“Ba mread ba bleara, ba chearda, ba fion-lhoma,
ba glee, ba aise, ba capad a m-buig hio-guib;
ba naigte, ba riar glaine naomhac doir-laoide,
Ní h-ionad i slápanmeac mall-aigte ari b-fion-naime.”
Dancad Caoc na Maczanna.

THE IRISH LANGUAGE.

Unlike the jargon of our Saxon fog,
On raptur'd ear it pours its copious flow,
Most feeling, mild, polite, and polish'd tongue,
That learned sage e'er spoke, or poet sung!

Denis Mahony, the Blind.

DUBLIN

JOHN CUMMING, LOWER ORMOND QUAY.

1841.

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Gentlemen who may have in their possession, or could easily procure copies of songs, elegies, or metrical compositions of any kind, which they may wish to see in print, will confer a signal favour on the Editor, and aid in an important national labour by communicating them. The name of every such contributor will be publicly acknowledged, and he shall be entitled to a copy of the number in which the communication appears. Those who may not have an opportunity of sending direct to the Editor, may forward their communications to the Publisher.

* * * Editors of Papers, who may notice these Songs, are requested to send copies of the Paper direct to the Editor.

THE EXPECTED OF IRELAND.

Air—"Sheeda ha'd vallet."

By a green-margin'd stream, at evening, I stray'd ;

(Poets are wont to be roaming ;)

O'er the dew-sprinkled sward came tripping a maid

Whose charms gave light through the gloaming.—

Air-lifted and light sped the beautiful sprite,

Bearing joy to my breast overladen.

I thought, by my fay, no earth-tainted clay

From Adam had moulded the maiden!

Her long-flowing hair swept her ankle of white,

Golden-ting'd, ringleted, braided—

Odorous tresses, before whose rich light

Proud Jason's fam'd treasure had faded!

O! she was the fairest, the brightest, the rarest,

The gentlest, the simplest, the mildest,

The tunefullest, sweetest, the noblest, the meetest

For poet in vision the wildest!

INTERLINEAR TRANSLATION.

Do ʒeɲeas̃ aɲɪ talaɲ aɲ ɾɕuaɲɲe

Was conceived on earth the heroine

ba ɕabaɲɾac̃ lɛɪ ʒo ɣaltas̃ a ɕɾas̃b-ɾolɕ

So closely with her to ankles her branchy-locks (flowing locks)

baɕallaɕ ɲɪaɲɔaɕ ɔvallaɕ

Curled brilliant plaited

ba ɔas̃ɕe ɲona aɲ ɾɛud̃ le ʒaɲɾʒe ɔoñ ʒɾɛɪʒ

More odorous than the treasure by valour to Greece

ɕuʒ calma ɲac̃ ɪas̃oñ uaɪbɪɪcc

Brought mighty son Jason haughty

ʒɪɾe ba ʒas̃ɔa ba ɾɲuɪɔɕe ba ɾɲas̃ɔa

Tis she was ingenious was well featured was comely

ba ɔɪɕe ba as̃ɕe ba uaɪɾle

Was well bred was cheerful was noble

ba bɪɲe ba blas̃ɔa ba ɕɪɾɔɕe ba ɕɲeas̃ɔa

Was melodious was tasteful was active was meek

ba ɾuɪʒɕe ɔo aɲ ɔeas̃ɕas̃ aɲ ɕuas̃ɔas̃b.

Best formed of all I beheld in my sojournings.

The present Song was supplied by C. M'Sweeny, Esq. author of "Songs of the Irish." Another copy appears in Mr. Michael O'Sullivan's collection.

ba leabairi, glan, réim, le h-amharc a h-éadaí
 Maíreanní, gnéi-geal, rtuamad;
 'S a mala deas éaol, airí maímar-norag élaon
 To cealg le gáiribí pluaghte:
 bíod gile na h-éala, le téimeal a larairí,
 Agus ríorma, 'r a g cairmeisic, 'na gnuadha
 'S ní dlígteair do éacdaí díob úrraí na
 gnuadam,
 Má ionad 'na h-áighe cum ruaimhí.

ba cáilce, 'r ba géair, a mama, 'r a déid,
 'S a reanga-cóir réim, náir tuaisleacc;
 Agus peairra go léir o bácur go keur,
 Gan earbad, gan béim, gac buad ruag:
 Fionairí, 'r aicim, a h-ionad, ra h-ainim,
 Agus cine, a cairad, ra cablad;
 Agus rírean, a reairan, a dlígte, ra meacdaib,
 De bhríngíoll na gcairín-folt, n-duallaic.

 INTERLINEAR TRANSLATION.

ba leabairi glan réim le hamharc a héadaí
 Slender pure mild to behold her forehead (face)
 Maíreanní gnéi-geal rtuamad
 Comely countenance bright discreet
 Agus a mala deas éaol airí maímar norag élaon
 And her brow handsome slender on soft eye rolling
 To cealg le gáiribí pluaghte
 That pierced with arrows hosts (myriads)
 Bíod gile na h-éala le téimíol a larairí
 The brightness of the swan with shade in flush (variegated)
 Agus ríorma agus a g cairmeisic iona gnuadha
 Vieing and contending in her cheeks
 Agus ní dlígteair do éacdaí díob úrraí na gnuadam
 And not adjudged to either of them respect or esteem
 Na ionad iona háighe cum ruaimhí
 Or a place in her face to repose (rest)

Her mild, ample forehead was fair to behold,
 Beautiful, polish'd, and tender;
 Her ripe eye beneath the arched brow roll'd,
 Darting its arrowy splendor—
 The swan's virgin snows, and the hue of the rose,
 In her soft, peachy cheek, were contending;
 Now white rules alone—now red holds the throne—
 And now in rare beauty they're blending!

Her bosom of white, her waist of delight,
 Ne'er glow'd to the clasp of a lover:
 From her hair-wreathed crown to her glancing foot down,
 She triumphs all rivals over!
 Her race and her name, her ancestral fame,
 Her heroes, for valour's proud duty,
 Her history's pages, the laws of her sages,
 I question the flowing-hair'd beauty.

INTERLINEAR TRANSLATION.

ba çajlce azur ba žėar a mama azur a dėp
 So bright and so pointed her breasts and her teeth

azur a řaužā čorp řėlm nar tmuajleacc
 And her slender person tranquil not polluted

a řearřa žo lėm o bačur žo řeuř
 Her person altogether from head to grass (ground)

žan earba žan bėm žac buad řuž
 Without loss without blemish each victory won

řřonajm azur ajřm a řřonad azur a řajřm
 I ask and I entreat her home and her name

a cřne a čarajd azur a čablacđ
 Her ancestors her friends and her race

a řurřeā a řearřā a dľžče azur a řeacđajb
 Her tribe her inheritance her laws and her statutes

de řmuřžeall na žčajm řolt řduallac.
 Of (the) maid (of) the flowing locks curling.

Բրեաջալիւրե մե, ան տւ'ն անջլի օ'ն յ-ճիւրջ
 Եւր զալալժ օ'ն Երաւ, զօ ղջաւաք;
 Օօ շարաւոյճ 'նա ծէլճ ա մ-վարկալժ ան տրեւ
 Օօն շաշալի զօ լէլի ղի լալժիւր :
 Մօ'ն քիւնե-վեան յիւրաւա, ոօժ օ'յմէլճ լե յեա
 տալժ,
 Վա քիւնեւալի քարճ ա օ-տարալի;
 Օօ մլլեաժ ա յ-Էւմալի, ալի օյմալի ա արաւ
 լե մշեալալժ արալճ, 'ր արաւ-օլիւր.

Ա արաւ մօ օլէլժ, յի արեւ օւրտ մե,
 Մի արաւալ օ'ն մէլժ քօ լաւալի մե;
 Աժ քարաւալի քարաւ, լե քաժա շա վ-քիւն,
 Շան յիւրաւա, Շան ղիւմ, Շան ղարաւալի:
 Շան օլիւր, Շան օւրաւ, ան յեաժ, 'ր ան
 յարաւաժ,
 լե մյօրալի, ալ յալալժ ան աւալի;
 Եւ ղ մլլեաժ 'ջարաւա, Շան տիւ, Շան տալիւ,
 յարաւաժ, 'ր ղարաւ, ալի մօ արաւաժ!

 INTERLINEAR TRANSLATION.

Բրեաջալիւրե մե ան տւ ան անջլի օն յճիւրջ
 Answer thou me are you the fair one from Greece
 Եւր զալալժ օն Երաւ զօ ղջաւաք
 Over ferry (ocean) to Troy was swept
 Օօ շարաւոյճ յօնա ծէլճ ա մվարկալժ ան տրեւ
 Did draw (pursue) her after in barques the multitude (flock)
 Օօ ան շաշալի զօ լէլի ղի լալժիւր
 Of the city all over made ashes (dust)
 Ոն ան քիւնե վեան յիւրաւա ոօժ օյմէլճ լե յեալալժ
 Or the fair woman brilliant which did depart by insanity
 Վա քիւնեւալի քարճ ա օտարալի
 Vigorous warlike in contention
 Օօ մլլեաժ ա յԷւմալի ալի օյմալի արաւաժ ա արաւ
 Was ruined in Emania on protecting her friends
 լե մշեալալժ արալճ ալի արաւ-օլիւր
 By stratagems treacherous and firm intrigues

“ Less fair was the Beauty the Phrygian boy
 Had stolen from Menelaus’ bower,
 For whom gallant heroes contended with Troy,
 Till flames wrapt its ultimate tower.
 The fair bosom’d maid in Emania betray’d
 By wiles of a treacherous foeman,
 And bright ones that long rais’d the rapture of song,
 Should yield to thee, beautiful woman !”

“ Alas ! that the lover his love should not know,
 Though sorrow her beauty faded—
 Forlorn, I wander, o’er-burden’d with woe,
 Swayless, unhonoured, unaided ;
 Poor, shackled, and prone ’neath the tyrant I groan,
 While sharp lash and goad ever rend me ;
 And brave hearts are still (they died on the hill,)
 Who’d pour their last life to defend me.”

INTERLINEAR TRANSLATION.

c̃aṃaḍ mo c̃l̃eṃb ʋj̃ aṣṭhe ɖuɹ me
 Darling my bosom (heart) not known to you me
 ɹ ceac̃ḍaṃ de aṃ m̃eṃḍ ɹeo luac̃ḍaɹ me
 not neither of the all these you mentioned me
 c̃ḍ ɹeac̃maṣlle ɹɹnae le ɹaḍa c̃a b̃p̃eṃ
 it a forlorn wanderer a long time in pain
 ɹaṃ ɹ̃ṃaḍaṃ ɹaṃ ɹ̃eṃṃ ɹaṃ ɹuaṣɹcear
 without esteem without sway without merriment
 ɹaṃ c̃ɹde ɹaṃ c̃eanaɹ aṃ ɹc̃eaḍ aɹur aṃ ɹ̃eṃaḍ
 without treasure without favour devoured and lacerated
 ɹ moɹɹaɹ aɹ ɹallaṣ aṃ uac̃aṣ
 Spitefully by Saxons the haughty
 ɹuɹ m̃illeḍ aɹur maɹla ɹaṃ ɹme ɹaṃ ɹaɹeaḍ
 brought ruin and disrespect without dignity without restitution
 maɹbaḍ aɹur ɹɹaɹpe aṣ mo c̃ablaḍ.
 Annihilation and dispersion on my followers (fleets.)

'S lañamair, léadimair, pparzananac,¹ ppaocct
Tpealamac, tpeun a d-tuairzain;

Az tapriainz faoi 'm déin an aicme do bea
fad,

Szairpead dam péin, 'r fuarzaile:

Ruérpíð na Danair air m'ime 'na n-gealtairb

'r ionad na b-plača do b'uairle;

Air píllead na reabac air buille cum cač

'S ní ríngil mo gairm an uair rin.

Dá píotčad geal-bejč, gan faice air a dtao

'u mairgalajcc, léigim uaim leat;

'S ná deamhad glaođac coir abain cum sé

murr,

D'earzair do píein-píocđ, Muadglajc:²

Sjollajie, rearmac, roineanda, reaircainai

bíleamair, blarđa, bleacđ-duantac;

Dyne do glacar le murrain do fainvil,

'S tá clirde cum ballair do cuairdac.

INTERLINEAR TRANSLATION.

Ar lañamair léadimair pparzananac ppaocda
'Tis with lances destructive numberless furious

Tpealamac tpeun a d-tuairzain
Warlike mighty in conflict

Az tapriainz faoi am déin an aicme do beairfad
Approaching to my aid the tribe will give

Szairpead dam péin azur fuarzaile
Dispel my pains and release

Ruérpíð na Danair air m'ime iona ngealtairb
Fly will the Saxon with fury and insanity

Ar ionad na b-plača do ba uairle
From habitation of the chieftains most noble

¹ Pparzananac, *in flocks*. This word I have substituted from the Gaelic Dictionary published by the Highland Society, for pparzōnac, pparzōnac, which appear in every version of the Song I have yet seen.

² Muadglajc, *James Nagle*, a brother bard to whom this Song is addressed by Eōzan Ruad. An imperfect version of Nagle's reply (which I have deferred publishing till I can procure a better copy) appears in O'Sullivan's collection.

“Lance-bearing warriors numberless, bold,
 Death-dealing in hour of danger,
 Shall burst, in red battle, the fetters that hold
 Our limbs for the Saxon stranger—
 When the national sword sweeps that tyrant abhorr’d
 From the halls whence our chiefs were driven,
 And the chieftains returning, for fierce conflict burning,
 Shall raise our proud glory to heaven!”

Go, lead o’er the land a white-bosom’d band,
 Proclaiming thy advent regal,
 And bring the fair dames to thy true lover, James,
 Sweet bard of the line of Nagle—
 His heavenly songs speak thy glory and wrongs,
 Thy hate of the false Saxon’s power,—
 Or should beauty’s bright wing hover mute o’er the string,
 He charms the dear bird to his bower!

INTERLINEAR TRANSLATION.

n fílleas na reabac ariu buille cum caeta
 n return of the heroes maddened (eager) for battle
 gur uí ríngil mo gairim an uair ríu
 ad not single my sway at moment this
 áad geal béit gan faice ariu a dtaob
 erty bright nymphs without nought on their side
 mairgalaicc léigim uaim leat
 u charmer I let from me with you
 gur ná dearmad glaoðac coir adain cum Séamur
 nd dont forget calling foot of a rivulet to James
 do eargair do péim ílcoð Huadglac
 ho bloomed of the prime stock of Nagles
 ollair rearmad roimeada rearmu
 tripling persevering well-tempered affectionate
 leamail blarda bleacð duanta
 Stout sweet kind poetical
 aine do glacar le mairmair do fairu
 man who receives with caresses your equal
 gur ta clirde cum ballaie do cuardac
 nd is active to wallet to search (develope)

FILIED RĪĢ SĒARUIS,

eoġan Ruad, mō cān.

Fonh—"An beŋnŋn luacŋad."

An aonari real aġ rjubal bġor,
 An dūŋŋ oġōce, a n-ġaonŋa ceō;
 Le'm ēaob ŋur deariŋar fġonh-mġoġn,
 An ŋonŋarġe ŋo rēŋn aŋŋ reōl:
 An cēŋb aŋŋ ŋad 'na būclaoŋ,
 An tabaŋŋŋ rġor aŋŋ rġēŋn an ōŋ;
 ŋo cŋaobac, caŋda, cŋūmaŋŋ-bŋde,
 Na fūnŋarġe, ŋo bēal a bŋōġ.

ba māorġa, māŋŋeac, mŋnŋte ŋ,
 ba cŋŋn ŋ, 'r ba rēŋn a clōō;
 ba cāon a deariŋ, 'r a rŋl ŋŋŋn,
 Maŋ ōŋūct ŋŋŋn aġ deanaō rŋōŋŋŋ:
 An dēŋd maŋ cāŋlc na n-dlŋct cŋor,
 ŋan rŋŋŋt, bġō ŋo nēata a ŋ-cōŋŋ;
 'S a h-aol-cōŋŋŋ ŋearġaŋŋ, rŋbāc, rġoġa
 Māŋ ōlūcāŋde aġ le cēlle ŋōŋ.

INTERLINEAR TRANSLATION.

An aonari real aġ rjubal bġor
 Alone awhile walking I was
 An dūŋŋ oġōce a n-ġaonŋa ceo
 Early (in the) night in a valley misty
 Le an ēaob ŋur deariŋar fġonh-mġoġn
 By my side that I beheld a fair queen
 An ŋonŋarġe ŋo rēŋn aŋŋ reol
 Approaching me mildly with speed
 An cēŋb aŋŋ ŋad na būclaoŋ
 Her hair altogether in buckles
 An tabaŋŋŋ rġor aŋŋ rġēŋn an ōŋ
 Reaching down adorned like gold
 ŋo cŋaobac caŋda cŋūmaŋŋ bŋde
 In ringlets twisted edge yellow
 Na fūnŋarġe ŋo bēal a bŋōġ
 In bands to meet her shoes (bēal, mouth.)

RETURN OF PRINCE CHARLES.

Air—"Binsheen Luachra." (*Bunch of Rushes.*)

Alone as I was roaming,
 By misty vale of beauty green,
 I spied, amid the gloaming
 Approaching, a fair young queen;
 And as she mov'd in lightness,
 Her wreathed ringlets' flaxen flow,
 Swept o'er her foot of whiteness,
 Like gold wreaths on virgin snow!

She mov'd, a beauteous maiden,
 With mild grace and modest mien,
 And blue eye laughter-laden,
 Like dew-drop on rose-bud seen;
 And cheek of peachy splendour,
 And chalk-white teeth of stainless hue,
 And form of beauty slender,
 That clasp of lover never knew—

INTERLINEAR TRANSLATION.

ba m̃aor̃iḁa m̃aṛeac̃ m̃ṽiṇte ṛ
 Gentle beautiful well-bred she
 ba c̃iur̃i ṛ aṣur̃ ba řéiṇ̃ a clóḁ
 Silent she and mild her features
 ba c̃aom̃ a deaṛic̃ aṣur̃ a řúil̃ ṣ̃iṇ̃
 Kind her eye and her eye mirthful
 20 m̃aṛ̃ ḁm̃úct̃ ṣ̃liṇ̃ aṣ̃ deaṇaḁ řp̃óṛic̃
 Like dew bright doing sport
 a deṛḁ m̃aṛ̃ c̃aṛic̃ na ḁolúic̃ c̃jor̃
 Her teeth like chalk (of) the close combs (honeycombs)
 3aṇ řm̃úic̃ b̃iḁ 3o ḁéata a 3c̃óṛiṇ
 Without stain were neatly arranged
 aṣur̃ a ḁaolc̃or̃p̃ řearṣaṛi řúbać řjoṣ̃ac̃
 And her bright person pure cheerful tranquil
 Naṛ̃ ḁlúćaṛdeaz̃ le c̃éile řór̃.
 Not pressed by a spouse yet.

'Táid caoimh, 'r rneacda, aisi lúit-ríor,
 Ma ghráir mhin, ba mhaomda, mōdaimh;
 A h-éadan leathan, úr, muidim,
 Gan rímt puih, go réanmair, rōgac:
 Ba caol a mala dlúit-caomh,
 'S a leabair-píob mair gēir aisi reol;
 'S a bēilín blarda, buadac, bīn,
 Ceannraide nair obad mōid.

A rreimibean cnearda, cūin, caomh,
 Cáir rtiuraidéas a g-cēm do rōir;
 Mō'n léir a mear gur b'iontaoib,
 Dam ionraide ad gaoir, 'nád clōd?
 An tu'n bēit' tuis reair 'r pūn-cmōide,
 Do cú' gmoide bīd tréan aisi tōir,

INTERLINEAR TRANSLATION.

'Táid caoimh aisi rneacda aisi lúit-ríor
 Are berries (red) and snow (white) in motion constant

Ma ghráir mhin ba mhaomda mōdaimh
 In her countenance smooth gentle mild

A h-éadan leathan úr muidim
 Her forehead broad fresh I proclaim

Gan rímt puih go réanmair rōgac
 Without stain any propitious prosperous (sumptuous)

Ba caol a mala dlúit-caomh
 Slender her brow close mild

¹ I cannot ascertain who the "fair one" mentioned here is, unless the poet alludes to Aoife, daughter of Amhōeime, who fell violently in love with Cúicullaíh on account of his lofty fame, during the time he was studying lessons of chivalry under Sgathair, an heroine who resided in Scotland; but, it does not appear that Aoife was married, therefore the poet's tale is not fully borne out, as he represents her as leaving her lawful spouse; however, she proved with child by Cúicullaíh.—*Vide* KEATING'S IRELAND.

She mocks the vermiel cluster
 That forms the quick beam's coronal ;
 The snow-flake's virgin lustre,
 Ere on earth its whiteness fall :
 No swan, such neck revealing,
 Has o'er his watery mirror hung ;
 No fairy strain soft-stealing,
 Like music from her warbling tongue !

“ O ! beauty-clothed creature !
 What star thy dwelling-place hath been ?
 Or can I scan thy feature,
 Unscathed by thy beauty's sheen ?
 Art thou the fair one burning
 With fiercest love, that burst her bower,

INTERLINEAR TRANSLATION.

Այսր ա եւծծալի բիւ մար չէլի ասլ թեօլ
 And her long neck like swan sailing (on lake)

Այսր ա եւլիյն եւարծա եւածաճ բիյ
 And her small mouth sweet winning melodious

Շեւիբալի զար օբաճ յօլծ.
 Chaste not refuse vow.

Ա թբիլիբեան շնարծա շիւղ շաօլն
 Fair one affectionate silent mild

Շա ար թշխարիծեալ ա չշէլն ծօ թօլ
 Whence driven afar thy sort

Ու ան լէլի ա մեար չիլի եւ յօղաօլի
 Or is it expected that 'tis safe

Ծամ յօղալի ձծ չաօլի զա ձծ շլօծ
 For me to approach you nigh or thy person

Ան շու ան եւլի շիւղ թարիւ ձսր միւն շիօլծ
 Art thou the nymph gave affection and secret of heart

Ծօ Շիւ չիւլի շիւղ շիւղ շիւղ ա ծօլի
 To Cuchullain heroic was mighty in pursuit

'S a cēle cearc zup fēz rī:
 ʒo dūb-črōjðeac le ʒēll don rporc?

ʒn tu Dēirdre māreac, būc. bīn,
 Do črī čīz do pīēim na leōʒan;
 Muari čmaočaō flaič, 'r Fion Rīʒ,
 ʒo dūb-črōjðeac an ēiʒion ʒleō:
 Mō'n bējč² le'p cailleaō Cupaiʒh,
 ʒan iontaoiō aʒ dēanaō 'n pōiit;
 Mō'n rpeim-bean čneaiōa, dūblaioðeac,
 Ma rinvō ʒiūn aip ēiie ceo?

INTERLINEAR TRANSLATION.

ʒur a cēle cearc zup fēz rī
 And her spouse just did leave she
 ʒo dūb-črōjðeac le ʒēll do an rporc.
 Dismal-hearted to yield to the sport.

ʒn tu Dēirdre māreac būc bīn
 Art thou Deirdre blooming mouth melodious

Do črī čīz do pīēim na leōʒan
 Whose blood sprang of root of heroes

Muari čmaočaō flaič aʒur Fion Rīʒ
 When conquered chiefs and Fionn King

² The lady mentioned here by the poet is blāčnaid, daughter to the governor of the Isle of Man, who surpassed all the women of her time in exquisite figure and beauty; and though obtained as a prize by Cupaiʒh Mac Daire, on account of the assistance he rendered the heroes of the Red Branch in plundering the island, and the dire contest he had with *Cuchullainn* afterwards on her account, when he tied him neck and heels and left him shackled like a captive after cutting off his hair with his sword; yet her attachment was so warm towards *Cúchullainn*, that she contrived the following stratagem to enable him to obtain her.

She persuaded Cupaiʒh, that he ought to erect a palace for himself that should excel all the royal palaces in the kingdom, and that he might do so by sending the Clanna Deaʒa to gather and collect all the large upright stones in the kingdom to form this palace. Her reason for this was, that the Clanna Deaʒa might be dispersed

And left her lone one mourning,
To share Cuchullin's blissful hour?"

"Or Deirdre, beauteous rare one,
The curse of Ullad's land of grief,
Where for the fatal fair one
Were strewn, in battle, king and chief?
Or left the great Mac Dary
Beside his recent fortress low?
Or laid green Erin weary,
Low chain'd beneath oppression's blow?"

INTERLINEAR TRANSLATION.

Le núb cpoideact an éigíon zleo
By dismal heart rending in violence of battle
No an béit le an caillead Cupaigh
Or the nymph by whom slain (lost) *Curaigh*
San iontaoib ag déanaid an póirt
Without reliance in making the bank
Nó an rpéirbean énearta dublaoida
Or the fair woman mild doubled
Na rmáid zúil ar Éire ced.
In vapour artificial on *Eirin* mist.

distant parts of Ireland, far from Cupaigh, at the time that Cúcullaigh should come to carry her off. Cúcullaigh, being informed that the Clanna Deaia were scattered over the kingdom, went out privately, and soon arrived at a wood near the seat of Cupaigh, and sends secretly to inform Blathaigh of his arrival, with a large body of troops along with him. She sends him word that she would steal Cupaigh's sword, and then as a sign of attack, that she would spill a large vessel of new milk that was in the house to the rivulet which flowed from the castle through the wood where Cúcullaigh was concealed. Having heard this, in a short time he received the stream white with the milk, when, sallying out, they forced into the palace and slew Cupaigh, who was alone and unarmed, and took Blathaigh away with them to Ulster. This river was then called Fionnulaigh, from being made white with milk.—*Keating*. For the fate of Blathaigh see note at page 32 of this work.

Ȳr bēaraċ, blarða, būċ, bīh,
 Ȳdūbarit rī ȳo rēiñ, ȳan ȳō ;
 “ Hī aon do’ð mear a mīñ rīñ,
 ’S ðultaiȳim ȳo h-ēaz do’ð fōrit ?
 Ȳr bēit me ċairðiol dūċaiðe,
 ȳo dūb-ċmoideac a η-ðiaȳ mo leōȳan ;
 ’S mo ċmēacċ’ aȳi leacċað az bīññb,
 Ȳm fūȳa bīð ηa flaoð am ðeol !”

“ ’Tā Sēapilar mear, ra ċmīp ȳmoide,
 O’āi η-ionfaiðe ȳo h-ēarȳað aȳi feol ;
 ’S mēiðfīð feal mo ċūmfaide,
 Ȳȳ cūmāiðib le faoðari ȳleo :
 beað fēide, carita, ’r bīñċ fīoi,
 Ȳȳi būmāiðib dā ð-triaoċað aȳi feoð ;
 ’S ηi leun ljom laȳ ȳan lñċ pññ,
 ȳac truaȳ ðioð ηari ȳēill ðon ðmo.”

 INTERLINEAR TRANSLATION.

Ȳr bēaraċ blarða būċ bīñ
 ’Tis well-bred tasteful mouth melodious
 Ȳdūbarit rī ȳo rēiñ ȳan ȳō
 Said she mildly without doubt (deceit)

Hī aon do ad mear a mīñ rīñ
 Not one of thy expectation my dear me

Ȳȳur ðultaiȳim ȳo hēaz do ad fōrit
 And I renounce at once thy sort

Ȳr bēit me ċairðiol dūċaiðe
 A nymph I am travelled kingdoms

ȳo dūb-ċmoideac a ηðiaȳ mo leōȳan
 Dismal-hearted after my hero

Ȳȳur mo ċmēacċa aȳi leacċað az bīññb
 And my person spread by boors

Ȳm fūȳa bīð ηa flaoð am ðeol.
 Me soaking they are the murderers me sucking.

As strains by haunted fountain,
 Thus broke her magic melody:—
 “The frail ones thou’rt recounting,
 Sweet poet, are no mates for me:
 O’er wilds I roam forsaken
 To find my royal love again;
 While woes my plaints awaken,
 And tyrants draw my dearest vein!”

“But Charles is returning,
 With warriors brave, and flowing sail,
 To ease my bosom’s burning—
 To free, in battle fierce, the Gael!
 And when we’ve quell’d the caitiffs
 That made our holy priesthood die,
 Green Erin’s glorious natives
 Shall swell the song of triumph high!”

INTERLINEAR TRANSLATION.

Ե՛Վ Տե՛սրլար մե՛սը ա՛յսը և է՛րնիք չի՛ռօյծե
 is Charles swift and his troops valiant
 օ՛ւսը սի՛ռհարձօ շօ հե՛սրճա՛սը բե՛ծ
 o us approaching in haste on sail (sailing)
 յսր բե՛ծբի՛ծ բե՛ալ մօ է՛րիւրձի՛ծ
 and will free awhile my afflictions (ways)
 յսրի՛սի՛ծի՛նք և բե՛սօհճար շի՛ւթ
 y heroes in fierce combat
 բե՛ծ բե՛ծ Ե՛սր Ե՛սր բի՛ւրձ է՛րիւր
 ill be blowing tossing and crushing constant
 Ե՛րն բի՛ւրձի՛նք ճա՛ճ Ե՛րն Ե՛րն Ե՛րն
 n boors conquered decayed (withered)
 յսր սի՛ լեւս ի՛յոմ լա՛ջ շա՛ն լի՛նք բն
 and not woful with me weak without nimbleness much
 Ե՛Վ Ե՛րն ճի՛ծ ճի՛ծ ճի՛ծ ճի՛ծ ճի՛ծ
 ch wretch of them uot obey to the order (creed)

"beis̃ clēis̃ na ȝ-ceac̃o ȝan p̃h̃c̃in,
 ȝ ȝm̃-m̃h̃deam̃ añ aoñ m̃eic̃ c̃ōis̃;
 'S̃ ēis̃re ceap̃t̃ d̃ā d̃-tãbaip̃t̃ r̃iof̃,
 ȝac̃ f̃ioñ-laoi ȝo h̃eata ȝ-clōd̃:
 beis̃ 'ñ t̃rēad̃ fõ t̃r̃earȝais̃ d̃ūbac̃ r̃iñ,
 ȝañ l̃iontaide, ȝañ f̃ear̃d̃' ais̃ b̃ōis̃;
 'S̃ ȝaois̃deis̃ ȝo f̃earȝais̃, r̃uaȝac̃, r̃ioȝa,
 Mã ñ-dūc̃aide ȝo f̃eañm̃ar̃, r̃luaȝac̃?"

AM SEOT̃OȝH.

eōȝan Ruad̃, m̃ō c̃añ.

Seot̃ō t̃ois̃! ñā ȝois̃ ȝo f̃ōis̃?

Do ȝeab̃ais̃ ȝañ deap̃mad̃ a d̃-tais̃ȝe ȝac̃ r̃

Do b̃j̃ aȝ ad̃ r̃iñf̃ear̃ m̃ioȝd̃a, m̃ōm̃ad̃;

Añ EJRM̃M̃ iac̃-ȝl̃ais̃ c̃ūJMM̃ 'r̃ eōȝAM̃

Seot̃ō t̃ois̃, ñā ȝois̃ ȝo f̃ōis̃?

Seot̃ō leiñb̃, a c̃um̃ais̃ñ r̃a r̃t̃ōis̃,

M̃o c̃h̃ȝ c̃eac̃ c̃ūm̃ad̃ ȝo d̃ūbac̃ f̃aoi b̃r̃iō

Tu aȝ r̃ile 'na r̃ūl̃ 'r̃ do c̃ōm̃ ȝañ l̃ōñ!

INTERLINEAR TRANSLATION.

beis̃ clēis̃ na ȝceac̃o ȝañ p̃h̃c̃in

Will be clergy of the lessons without mask (hinderance)

ȝ ȝm̃-m̃h̃deam̃ añ aoñ m̃eic̃ c̃ōis̃

Exulting in the only son just

ȝur̃ ēis̃re ceap̃t̃ d̃ā d̃-tãbaip̃t̃ r̃iof̃

And poets true giving down

ȝac̃ f̃ioñ laoī ȝo h̃eata a ȝ-clōd̃

Each fair lay neatly in form

beis̃ añ t̃rēad̃ fõ t̃r̃earȝais̃ d̃ūbac̃ r̃iñ

Will be the drove this conquered sorrowful us

ȝañ l̃iontaide ȝañ f̃ear̃da ais̃ b̃ōis̃

Without liquors without feasts on table

ȝur̃ ȝaois̃deis̃ ȝo f̃earȝais̃ r̃ōȝac̃ r̃ioc̃ac̃

And Gael comfortable prosperous tranquil

Mã ñ-dūc̃aide ȝo f̃eañm̃ar̃ r̃luaȝac̃.

In their territories happy populous.

“The priests in dark caves hiding,
 Shall altars raise to heaven's King—
 The bard, with wolves abiding,
 Again shall wake sweet music's string—
 When from our fierce oppressors,
 We free the land of saint and sage,
 Green Erin's bold redressors
 Shall hold their fathers' heritage!”

~~~~~

### THE LULLABY.\*

*Original Air.*

HUSH, baby mine, and weep no more,—  
 Each gem thy regal fathers wore,  
 When Erin, Emerald Isle, was free,  
 Thy poet sire bequeaths to thee!

Hush, baby dear, and weep no more;  
 Hush, baby mine, my treasure'd store;  
 My heart-wrung sigh, my grief, my groan,  
 Thy tearful eye, thy hunger's moan!

### INTERLINEAR TRANSLATION.

Seoťó ťoıl nă ʒoıl ʒo fđıl  
 Hush dear not cry for awhile  
 Do ʒeabaiı ʒan deaiımad a đtaiıʒe ʒac feđıb  
 You will get without mistake as a treasure each jewel  
 Do bıb aʒ ad řıııreaiı řıoʒđa řđmăd  
 That was with your ancestors kingly before you  
 An Ēıııñ ıacʒıaiı Ćııñ aʒur Eđʒaiı  
 n Erin isle green Conn and Eoghan  
 Seoťó ťoıl nă ʒoıl ʒo fđıl  
 Hush dear not cry awhile (yet)  
 Seoťó leııb a ĉumaiıñ řa řđııı  
 Hush child my darling and treasure  
 200 óııʒ cėad cıımad ʒo đııbac řaoı đııđ  
 My five hundred woes gloomy under sorrow

\* The “Lullaby” had its rise in the following circumstance:—  
 In one of these seasons of fixedness which would sometimes occur,  
 at irregular intervals, in the life of the itinerant, potato-digging poet,

Do ġeabajji ajji d-tgħir an t'abai ad dōjō,  
 Do bġō aḡ an d-tgħur a ḡ-clġō f'aoi cōjmeat  
 An rtaf do bġō aḡ P'AM, ba ġmeant a'n t'reoi  
 'S an t-rlat do bġō aḡ M'OIJS, ġhġō dġon t  
 'r t'reoi.

Seotō tōjl ! 7c.

Do ġeabajji an caoi eac, ēadom, ōḡ,  
 Do ġeabajji an rman 'r an jallat ōji ;  
 bġō aḡ f'AMBE f'ioh, ba čeañ ajji tōji.  
 Aḡ muagad Dañajji ō čajreall na n-ōiō.  
 Seotō tōjl ! 7c.

#### INTERLINEAR TRANSLATION.

Do ġeabajji ajji d-tgħir an t'abai ad dōjō  
 You will get at first the apple in thy hand

Do bġō aḡ an d-tgħur a ḡ-clġō f'aoi cōjmeat  
 That was with the three in secret under care

An rtaf do bġō aḡ Pan ba ġmeant an t'reoi  
 The staff that was had Pan most brilliant the jewel

Aḡur an rlat do bġō aḡ M'aoi r ġhġō dġon do 7 t'reoi  
 And the rod that was had Moses made shelter to him and guid

Owen Roe had squatted down, as our transatlantic brethren would term it, upon the verge of a bog in a rural district of the County Limerick. When the many-tongued monster, whose wonderful attributes Owen often rehearsed from the classic page of Virgil, to many a red-shinned student, had announced the poet's intention of opening the stores of ancient literature in that locality, the Greek and-Latin-loving *gorsoons* hailed with a joy which Irish striplings alone can feel, and when felt can only properly express, the advent of so much wit and learning to their favoured neighbourhood. It was but the work of an hour to raise a turf-built college, some sixty feet long and twelve feet wide, furnished with ranges of seats cut from the neighbouring bog, on which the numerous students might extend their breechless shanks, and luxuriate in all that freedom of motion so utterly unknown among the unhappy worshippers of wisdom at desks and forms. Here the poet continued to tear up ignorance by the roots to the satisfaction of the entire parish, including the priest himself, when on an unfortunate day, entered one of the frail divinities of Owen's adoration, in the shape of a fair young woman who had come to seek him from the last district in which he had been "serenading." She approached the master of the hedge academy, and reproaching him as the author of her shame and

I'll give the fruit the Phrygian boy  
 Bestow'd on Venus, queen of Joy—  
 The staff of Pan, the shepherd's god,  
 And Moses' wonder-working rod.  
 Hush, baby dear, &c. &c.

The steed of golden housings rare  
 Bestrode by glorious Falvey Fair—  
 The chief who at the Boyne did shroud,  
 In bloody wave, the sea-kings proud!  
 Hush, baby dear, &c. &c.

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INTERLINEAR TRANSLATION.

o ġeabaġu an caoġl eac éadrom óġ  
 ou will get the slender steed fleet young  
 o ġeabaġu an rriġan aġur an ġallaġe óġu  
 ou will get the reins and the saddle of gold  
 s aġ Faġlbe ġioġ ba éeaġ aġu éóġu  
 as had Failvy fair powerful in pursuit  
 ġ ġuaġaġ Dabaġu o Cáġreall na n-Óġu.  
 Expelling Danes from Cashell of the Orders.

row, gave one wild cry, and one enduring kiss to a beautiful babe  
 which she had borne at her bosom, and now laid on her seducer's  
 knee, and departed in audible grief. The reader can conceive the  
 feelings of the unfortunate father, exposed to the jibes of the boys—  
 rebukes which no magisterial authority could restrain—and the certain  
 denunciation of Father John on the next Sunday. The Scholars  
 had an early dismissal—and anon as the day was wearing late, the  
 young pledge of Owen's licentious love, having missed his mamma,  
 set up a squalling which rung shrill and ominous through the de-  
 serted hovel. The poet, to still its infantile clamour, administered  
 the extemporary stanzas of the Lullaby, until the weeping mother,  
 urged by maternal affection, returned again to claim the child, and  
 the poor Owen of a heavy load of affliction.

<sup>1</sup> Faġlbe ġioġ, a distinguished Irish Admiral, who gave battle  
 to the Danes, and rescued Ceallaġán, king of Cashel, whom they  
 had taken prisoner, and tied with cords to the main-mast of one of  
 their ships; but after making great havoc amongst the Danes, he was  
 at length overpowered and slain. Before he took the command  
 of the Munster fleet, he was successful in several engagements with  
 the Danes, who at that time made great ravages in Munster.

Ծօ չեա՞լիւ լժժեամ ԳօլԿԻ ա՛յ Ծօրի-ՇԿԼ ծի  
 Ծօ ԲՅՁ ա՛յ ԲՐԺԱՄ,<sup>2</sup> ա՛յ Դար ի Վաճա ;  
 Այ Բօճա ԲՅՁ ա՛յ ՄԱՐՇԱԾ,<sup>3</sup> ա՛յ Կրճալի ինձի  
 Ա՛յ Կա՛յՇ ՇԼԱՊԵՐԻԲ ա՛յ Երեւոյճալի ի Ծ-Երեւ  
 Տօժճ լոյ՛լ ! ԴԵ .

ʒuð-čũ' ʔ tajiʔoi ð čajreall na d-tʔieon,  
 ō leoʒan ʔajčce ʔun-ʔajte na ʔeól;  
 ʔolaji ʔlějʔe, caol čʔoʔt čeoʔl,  
 'S ʔeabac na ʔeʔʒ ð Sgeʔʒ na ʔʒeól.  
 Seotō čoi! ʔc.

Do ġeabajji lompiad f'arċibjuri an oġri,  
Tug laron tpean do'n ħrieġ ajji bōro ;  
'S an tpean eac cučaiġ, meari, cumarač, o  
biđ az CŪCŪUŪAŪM, ceaḥ-urpiađ na pluaz  
Seotō čojl ! jc.

INTERLINEAR TRANSLATION.

Տօ չեաճար լոյծեան րօտար աղծօրհնայլ օր  
You will get sword illumined the hilt of gold

Do bŷð aʒ brian aʒ m̥ar na rluʒʒa  
That was had Brian slaying the hosts

Ան ԲՕՃԱ ԵՅԸ ԶՅ ՉՊԱՐԿԱԾ ԵՆ ԱՐԿԱՐԱՒ ԽՕՐԱ  
The bow had Murrough the aim expert (great)

Այ զայ՛ Շուարժար՛ն այ շարժար՛ն յա ծաւօրն.  
In battle of Clontarf slaying the mighty.

<sup>2</sup> **Бриан**, Brian Boromhe. Tradition says that the sword of Brian, besides having a golden hilt, was so highly ornamented with precious stones, that its refulgence gave light to all around.

<sup>3</sup> **Ḥumíad**, Murrough, Brian's son who was one of the most expert bowmen of his day, and made great havoc at the battle of Clontarf.

<sup>4</sup> *Apdóú*, *Swift hound*. Tradition states that this hound was in the possession of one of the kings of Cashel, and was so well trained that it used to run from Cashel to Bunratty, and bring news of the approach or landing of an enemy in the harbour.



Brian's golden-hilted sword of light,  
That flashed despair on foeman's flight ;  
And Murrough's fierce far-shooting bow  
That at Clontarf laid heroes low.

Hush, baby dear, &c. &c.

The courier hound that tidings bore  
From Cashel to Bunratty's shore ;  
The eagle from the hill of song,  
And Skellig's hawk, the fierce and strong.

Hush, baby dear, &c. &c.

I'll give besides the golden fleece  
That Jason bore to glorious Greece ;  
The harp-sung steed that history boasts  
Cuchullin's—mighty chief of hosts !

Hush, baby dear, &c. &c.

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INTERLINEAR TRANSLATION.

ó cú an tairdíl ó Ćaireal ná dtreon  
h hound that journeyed from Cashel the heroes  
leóḡan fáirtce bhunraite na reól  
n hero plain Bunratty the sails (shipping)  
an rléibe caol énoir éoil  
le mountain slender plover melodious  
ar reabac na reilḡ ó Sḡeilḡ na rḡeól.  
d hawk of the chase from Skellig of the tales.

ḡeabaḡn lomraḡ fáidḡḡn an óḡn  
t will get fleece rich the gold  
ḡuḡ Iarḡn tréan don ḡréḡ ḡḡn bórd  
ught by Jason mighty to Greece on board (shipboard)  
ar an tréan eac cúḡḡ mear cumaraḡ óḡ  
d the mighty steed prancing swift powerful young  
ó bḡḡ ḡḡ Cúcullaḡ ceahḡurraḡ na rluḡḡ.  
t was had Cuchullain chieftain of the hosts.

Do ðeabaii rleaḡa ʒICIL, ba čalma a n-ḡl  
 'S cpaioipeac ʒJMM, ḡan mōill ad dōið ;  
 Éide cOMMʒILL, do b'uprad le tpeoin,  
 'S rḡiaic ḡeal MʒOIS, o čpaioib na rluaḡ  
 Seočō čoil ! 7c.

Do ðeabaii clōiðeaim ʒJMM, ba lioimča a n-  
 'S an ḡaic bīð aḡ OJʒRʒUJDO, tpiac na le  
 Cloḡad cupahta OSḡUJR mōiri,  
 ʒii ʒaicče na ʒēinne čmaoč mac Tpeoin.  
 Seočō čoil ! 7c.

Do ðeabaii a leinb mapi čuille leō 'n t-pe  
 Čuḡ ʒOJʒE d'éir ḡac cēim do'n leōḡan ;  
 le'ri mairib ʒEʒR-OJʒḡʒ, ba dīan a d-tč  
 'S COMIʒOČ uaral, uairpeac, oḡ !  
 Seočō čoil ! 7c.

Do ðeabaii ḡan imeairball ʒairmaio ḡac pec  
 Oion-bīac dūbīad OUBIʒJMS óiḡ ;

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INTERLINEAR TRANSLATION.

Do ðeabaii rleaḡa ʒicill ba čalma a nḡleo  
 You will get spear of Achilles powerful in battle  
 ʒʒur cpaioipeac ʒiñ ḡan mōill ad dōið  
 And javelin *Fion's* without delay in your hand  
 Éide Conaill do ba uprad le tpeoin  
 Armour *Conall* who was intrepid with heroes  
 ʒʒur rḡiaic ḡeal Haoir o čpaioib na rluaḡa.  
 And shield bright *Naisi* from branch the hosts.

Do ðeabaii clōiðeaim ʒiñ ba lioimča a nḡleo  
 You will get sword *Fionn* so keen in battle  
 ʒʒur an ḡaic bīð aḡ Oīarmuio tpiac na leōḡan  
 And the spear was had *Dermot* chief the heroes  
 Cloḡad cupahta Oḡʒuiri mōiri  
 Helmet heroic *Osgar* great

His spear who wrought great Hector's fall,  
 The mighty javelin of Fingal,  
 The coat of mail that Connal wore,  
 The shield that Naois in battle bore.

Hush, baby dear, &c. &c.

Fingal's swift sword of death and fear,  
 And Diarmid's host-compelling spear,  
 The helm that guarded Oscar's head,  
 When fierce Mac Treoin beneath him bled,

Hush, baby dear, &c. &c.

Son of old chiefs! to thee is due  
 The gift Aoife gave her champion true,  
 Which seal'd for aye Ferdia's doom,  
 And gave young Conlaoch to the tomb,

Hush, baby dear, &c. &c.

Nor shall it be ungiven, unsung,  
 The mantle dark of Dulaing young,

---

INTERLINEAR TRANSLATION.

ἡ φαίττε ἡα Ἑήνε ἐμαοὺς ἡας Τρεόιν.  
 plain of the Fenians subdued son of *Treoin*.

ἔεαδαιμ ἂ λεῖνῃ ἡαρ ἐυλλε λέο ἀη τεοῖδ  
 I will get child as addition with them the jewel

ἔ Ἀοῖφε δοεῖρ ἕαὶ céim do ἀη leóḡan  
 re *Aoife* after each dignity to the hero

ἂρ ἡαῖμῃ Ἑεαῖδαḡα βα δῖαν ἂ δτοῖμ  
 which he slew *Ferdia* severe in pursuit

ἂρ Coḡlaoḡ uaral uaiḡneac óḡ.  
 and *Conlaoch* noble haughty young.

ἔεαδαιμ ἕαν ἡεαῖball φαῖμῖδ ἕαὶ reóid  
 I will get without mistake besides each gem

ḡnḡeac dúḡnḡ ḡúblaῖmḡ óῖḡ  
 mantle dark of *Dubhlaing* young

Տօ ճըլեաժ ա չնհր ա չ-ճօնջմաճ իւաճա,  
 'Տ է աջ իջօր-ճնիւր լաօճ ճօ քաօր ծա Ծ-տըօյր.  
 Տօժօ ճօյլ ! յԵ.

Տօ չեաժայր իյօճայր միյ, տայր, մօժամայլ,  
 'Տ ճիւղե ճիւղօյ 'ր աք շաօյնե ինաճա ;  
 Մա 'ն իւլտօյն ճիւղ ճիւղ ԲՐԻՅՄ, իա իւաճա,  
 ճօ Բան իա Երաօյ, ճան ճիւղ, ճան տըօյր.  
 Տօժօ ճօյլ ! յԵ.

Տօ չեաժայր իյաժ իյա ինյժեար օրտ քօր,  
 ճօյնե ճօ'ն քիօն Բիժ Բիյօճիար, իժամիւլ ;  
 Տօ տարբարջեաճ Դեբե ա իւլտօյն ճիւղ,  
 Շում ԽՐԻՏԵՐ լաօճ իա ի-ճեյճե այր Բօրծ.  
 Տօժօ ճօյլ ! յԵ.

Տօ չեաժայր տիւլե իյա ինյժեար քօր,  
 Յի ճալճ ճիւղ ՅՕՄՃԼԻՏ տըօն 'նա ճօյն ;  
 Տօ մաճ շալմա ԼԻ ՕՍԻԲԵ, ճա ճօյն այր ճօյր,  
 Մար Բա ինյիճ ա իյա ճօ ճիւղ 'նա ճեաժայճ.  
 Տօժօ ճօյլ ! յԵ.

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INTERLINEAR TRANSLATION.

Տօ ճըլեաժ ա չնհր ա չճօնջմաճ իւաճա  
 That concealed his shape nigh to hosts  
 Այսր Ե աջ իջօրճիւր լաօճ ճօ քաօր ծա Ծտըօյր.  
 And he depriving heroes feebly of their might.

Տօ չեաժայր իյօճայր միյ տայր մօժամայլ  
 You will get a princess smooth soft modest  
 Ար ճիւղե ճիւղօյ այսր աք շաօյնե ինաճա  
 So handsome countenance and so mild visage  
 Մա ա իւլտօյն ճիւղ ճիւղ Բրիամ ա իւաճա  
 Than the star mirthful brought by Priam and his hosts  
 ճօ Բան իա Երաօյ ճան ճիւղ ճան տըօյր.  
 To plain of Troy without dread without guide.

Տօ չեաժայր իյաժ իյա ինյժեար օրտ քօր  
 You will get honour not boasted on you yet

That viewless left the chief who laid  
Whole hosts beneath his battle-blade.

Hush, baby dear, &c. &c.

And eke a maid of modest mien,  
Of charms beyond the Spartan queen,  
Whose awful, soul-subduing charms  
Mov'd Priam to dare a world in arms!

Hush, baby dear, &c. &c.

For thee shall sparkle, in my lays,  
Rich nectar from young Hebe's vase,  
Who fill'd the cup, in heav'n's abodes,  
For Jove amid the feast of Gods—

Hush, baby dear, &c. &c.

Another boon shall grace thy hand,  
Mac Duivne's life-protecting brand,  
Great Aongus' gift, when Fenian foe  
Pursued his path with shaft and bow.

Hush, baby dear, &c. &c.

INTERLINEAR TRANSLATION.

Յօրնե Ծօ Են Եթօն Եթ Երթօջմար ըօջամար  
Glass of the wine was powerful sumptuous

Օօ շարարչեաճ Էբե Են ըթլւիօն Օջ  
Supplied by Hebe the star young

Ըն Երթեր Լաօճ Դա ԴԵթե Ըր ԵօրԾ  
To Jupiter hero of the deities on table

Օօ չեաճար Էլլե Դար յորթեար ըօր  
You will get more not mentioned by me yet

Ան չարժ Էնջ Աօնջար Էրեան յօնա ծօրԾ  
The spear gave Aongus valiant in his hand

Օօ Դաճ Ըալմա Ըլ ՕւլԵնե ԾՅ Ծթօն Ըր ԷօրԼ  
To son mighty O Duinn protecting him from pursuers

Ան Եա ԴիԴիԸ Են ԳլաԴ չօ Ծլան յօնա ԾեօլՅ  
As frequently the Fenians severe after him (in pursuit)

Do žeabajiŕ ŕaŕll uajm, ŕŕon, 'ŕ beoŕŕ,  
 'S ēadaċ 'ha haŕce ba maŕŕe do ēŕeoŕŕ;  
 Žiċd o ēŕŕm do maŕme ċūžam ŕan ŕiōd,  
 Mj žeallŕad uajm ōŕŕ, duajŕ hā ŕeoŕd.  
     Seoċō ēōŕl ! hā žoŕl žo ŕōŕl ?  
     Seoċō leŕŕb, a ċumajŕŕ ŕa ŕŕōŕŕ,  
     Mo ēŕž cēad cūmaċ žo dūbaċ ŕaoŕ ħŕōŕ !  
     Tu až ŕŕle ha ŕūl 'ŕ do cōm žan lōŕ !

---

INTERLINEAR TRANSLATION.

Do žeabajiŕ ŕaŕll      uajm ŕŕon ažur beoŕŕ  
 You will get dainties from me wine and beer  
 Ažur ēadaċ ŕona haŕce ba maŕŕe do ēŕeoŕŕ  
 And raiment with them befitting a chief  
 Žiċd o ēŕŕm do maŕme 'ċūžam ŕan ŕiōd  
 But as I see your mamma to me on the road  
 Mj žeallŕad      uajm ōŕŕ      duajŕ hā ŕeoŕd.  
 Not will I promise from me to you gift or jewel.

And dainty rich and *beoir* I'll bring,  
And raiment meet for chief and king ;  
But gift and song shall yield to joy—  
Thy mother comes to greet her boy !

Hush, baby dear, and weep no more,  
Hush, baby mine, my treasur'd store !—  
My heart-wrung sigh, my grief, my groan,  
Thy tearful eye, thy hunger's moan !

# UILLIAM DALL AND HEFFERNAN.

William Heffernan, more commonly known by the name of UILLIAM DALL, was born at Shronehill, three miles west of Tipperary, and flourished in the beginning of the eighteenth century. He was of an ancient and respectable family, though placed in a low condition of life, which, added to his being born blind, made him inherit largely those misfortunes to which, it is said, the favourites of the muses are often subject. He was the cotemporary of great names, though of very different characters. He was not less distinguished by the friendship of Tuomy, and M'Donnell—men whose memories like his own are embalmed in immortal verse—than by his unmitigated hostility to Damer the celebrated usurer, a name condemned to the everlasting infamy that awaits the abuse of wealth and power, when they are perverted to selfish and sordid purposes, instead of being made subservient to the public good. This man, the *Rothschild* of his time, on his first coming to this country was accompanied by a colony from Scotland, brought over for the double purpose of society and protection, but who excited in the minds of the people those feelings usually provoked by the insolence of planters, and arising from the impression, that every such settlement is an unjust invasion of the natural birthright of the original inhabitants, so frequently and so forcibly denounced of late in the almost universal cry of "Ireland for the Irish." These occasions were too tempting to allow the poet's fire to burn innocuously, and, accordingly, his most powerful invectives were directed against this despoiler of the indigent and his Scotch retinue, who lived and fattened on the patrimony of his ancestors, and gave no return but insult and oppression.

It is to be lamented, that his great natural talents had not the aid of early culture, and that a mind like his was not improved by education; for how much soever it may have been a question with the ancients, the judgment of mankind has long since pronounced, that the praise of posterity does not belong to the mere efforts of poetic inspiration, unless directed and refined by the rules of literature and science. It may seem strange, notwithstanding, that his compositions abound with so many elegant sentiments and frequent allusions to pagan mythology. But, besides that the language of nature is not restricted to country or clime, this is accounted for by a tradition still common in the place of his birth—that at Latten, in his immediate vicinity, there was a classical school conducted by a Valentine Roche, whither the blind wanderer often found his way to listen with enraptured attention to those



sublime lessons of poetry and eloquence bequeathed to us by the sages of Greece and Rome.

Of M'Donnell, surnamed *Clarach*, he was the intimate and bosom friend, by whom he was often visited, and to whose bounty he was often indebted. Of their frequent contentions in wit and poetry many anecdotes are recorded. Of the former the following conversation will afford an example:—

|                                                   |                                                                |
|---------------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------------------------|
| CLARAC. Ca fad atá tu<br>dall?                    | <i>Claragh.</i> How far back are<br>you blind?                 |
| UILLIAM. O cúlmó éigh a h-<br>all.                | <i>William.</i> To my very poll.                               |
| CLAR. An bfuil tú a b-fad<br>ad dall?             | <i>Clar.</i> How long are you blind?                           |
| UÍL. O mullac mó éigh go<br>bón.                  | <i>Wil.</i> From head to foot.                                 |
| CLAR. An bfuil tú miam ad<br>dall?                | <i>Clar.</i> Are you always blind?                             |
| UÍL. Ní'l me miam agh.                            | <i>Wil.</i> I am not always in the<br>world.                   |
| CLAR. O cuad t'fá ceathrann<br>ní f'earr tu beir? | <i>Clar.</i> Being such as you are<br>'tis so much the better. |
| UÍL. Da m'f'earr do beir.                         | <i>Wil.</i> If it were better I would<br>be so.                |

On another occasion, having undertaken for a wager to find out *Clarach* on one of his visits to the neighbourhood, he went about from house to house repeating these words—

'S m'pre an fíle ceathrann,  
Atá tead a g-cloí na ndaoine?

To which *Clarach* replied—

'S fíle tú b-fuill breall agh,  
Atá 'muigh an t-amro d'oidce.

At another time coming suddenly on the blind man as he was turning out manure, he addressed him in these beautiful lines—

Ca'r gabadair na f'aoite do bí 'g'gh a g-clair Fódla,  
Treib Cairill Cuirc an f'ionn, do f'íolmaid ó Eóghan?  
'Na b-f'eircmí an fíle l'ionn d'f'ion-f'íle reo S'mónaill,  
Ag ioncár baíra íolaig la daoine gan bróga!

To which the following extempore reply is no less elegant—

Ca'r g'gh b'gh b'íne an leóghan do t'raoicad  
A g-cairmeiric Éluagh an c'ómraic, mo b'íon! daoine  
'h ceurda;

Hó Muicad do leónac f'luaghte Cuircéir,  
Hó h-aghaoi do éoig leir an c'íon uagh ar Éirne?

Many short distichs heard amongst the people bespeak his poverty and his afflictions, such as—

'S m|n|c me a 3-Cu|ll|ñ 'r m'ull|ñ tpe'm cōta !  
 'S m|n|c me a 3-|t|o|ñ a|u| u|neatba b|ō3a !  
 'S m|n|c me a S|ō|ñ|ll 3o dúbac, 'r 3o b|ō|ñac !  
 'S |acac a|u| bu|le m|u| a 3-clo|ffe mē cōm|az ?

At the period in which he lived, when the darkness of persecution overspread the land, and its sword was unsheathed against all who adhered with devotional constancy to the faith of their fathers—when the ignorance, which has been so often made the subject of reproach against us, was created by penal enactments, and the vengeance of the laws was sure to overtake those who sighed for the lost glories of their country, or breathed sentiments of hope for her future liberty and independence ; it is not to be wondered at that of those qualified by their talents for such an office, few were found so ambitious of martyrdom as to undertake it. It is otherwise difficult to account for the scarcity of the compositions of this distinguished poet ; for the small number of them which have reached us bear upon them evidently the impress of no ordinary mind. Even Mr. Hardiman, the historian of Galway, states in his “Irish Minstrelsy,” that his Song of “*Staca an mairzaδ*,” which is published in that work, would alone rescue his memory from oblivion, and stamp on him the name of poet. There are also extant other pieces by him, which deserve no less praise, and will be published in this collection. His “Dialogue with David Cleary,” a roving tailor, who it appears led a frolicsome life, discovers an intimate acquaintance with the history of his country, and abounds with elegant eulogies on Irish valour through many a hard-fought field. His “Lamentation of Eleanor Heffernan,” a kinswoman, I knew to be equally admired, though I have not seen it ; and his song of “*Seazan buide*,” which I first introduce to the reader under the title of the “Lament of the Gael,” will be recognised a composition of much poetical talent, being a reply to another of the same name which was rather popular with the opposite party in his time. In it he speaks with enthusiasm of the bards and heroes of antiquity, and inveighs against the Reformation and the “good Queen Bess” as the twin progeny of the same parent. Of his first essays there is one more popular than the rest—not for any intrinsic merit it possesses, but because it throws some light on the domestic circle of a man whose life is much less known than it deserves—I shall conclude these quotations with it :—

Seal a ʒaɪtɪon dam, aʒur real a Sɾiðnaɪll,  
 'S real a meɪlt bɾiðna a m-baɪle ʒoñnaoɪ;  
 ʒaŋ do muɪtɪɾi aʒam aɔð ʒaðʒ 'ɾ Nôna,  
 'S ɲi ʒaɪtɪŋʒean leð maɾ do meɪlɪm ɪ.

The father of Greek poetry travelled through different nations, and celebrated in his inspired rhapsodies the names of those who favoured him with their hospitality. Without wishing to institute any further comparison between an uneducated Bard and the Swan of Meonian verse, I shall only observe, that the subject of this short notice also led an itinerant life, though his excursions, far from comprehending kingdoms, seldom extended beyond a circle of a few miles. At one of those places frequented by him, the housekeeper was less liberal than others, and, anxious to make her unkindness known to her master, on some occasion that he was reading, he took an opportunity of asking what advantage he derived from the use of spectacles? To which the other made answer, that small things viewed through them were much increased. "Well," said the poet, "if they possess such virtue, I would feel obliged if you looked through them at this morsel, which is much in need of being increased."

More than a century has passed away since the death of Damer, as Dean Swift could write his epitaph:—

"Know all men by these presents, that Death the Tamer,  
 By mortgage has subdued the body of Damer," &c.

And perhaps it is a century and a half since his Court at Shronehill began to be built. Its history is a melancholy record of the vanity of ambition, and of the perishable nature of every thing human, however magnificent. About seventy years since, the work of dilapidation commenced—the whole structure was demolished to the ground, and its sculptured capitals and marble columns were sold for money. Nothing now remains for the contemplation of the traveller or antiquary, but a range of offices, which, though in ruins, attests the former splendor of the Court itself. The usurer's grave is shewn near the wall of the new-built Church, "without a stone, a name," and the colony, which accompanied him, have vanished, either by emigration, or intermarriage with the natives. Every thing that fired the poet's fancy, or roused his passions, or filled his heart with indignant scorn of the miser and his *alien* horde, has disappeared; but the peasant's fame, the smallest traits of his character, the most trivial incidents of his life, and those rich and exuberant strains of Celtic eloquence, which came with the force and copiousness of a torrent upon his enemies, are remembered and recited by the people as if they were the productions of yesterday.

# ՀԱՅՈՒՄԵՐՈՒ ՄԱ Մ-ՇԱՅՈՒԹԵԱՆ.

William Dall, մօ ըն.

Բօն—"Տեճան Բյծե."

Պօ ծայրիծ չօ յ-եճայծ յա քարա-ժօյն աօրծա,  
 Բիծ աշուի չօ րեան-մարի ա Բ-Բալ-ժիլ;  
 Օրաչան յա քէլե յարի մեաժա ժւմ լաօժար,  
 Արի յ-արիւմ Բա լէյծմեաժ ա ծ-ժրաժծ րիօր:  
 Բա Բարծա չաժ Բեարիւրա ծա ծ-ժիշեաժ լե Բ-էլքեաժ,  
 'Տ Բա չիւրանարի րաօժարի ար Բ-Բալիշիծ;  
 Շարի մալարժա 'ն րաօժալ արի աժարաժ ժրէլե,  
 'Տ յա շանարի լե Բ-աօն յեաժ, աժ Տեճան  
 Բյծե !

Տարիւրի յա Շրէլե, չիԲե ժայրիօժ լե Բ-էլքիօժ,  
 'Տ յեաժծայի յա Տեարարի ծօ Բ'արի չիլի;  
 'Տ աղարիւր լէլշեանծա Բիծ արի մաժարի Տենար,<sup>1</sup>  
 Ան ալմե ժւշ րաօժարի աղ արիւրալշեաժ :

## INTERLINEAR TRANSLATION.

Պօ ծայրիծ չօ յեճայծ յա քարաժօյն աօրծա  
 My grief that perished the heroes aged  
 Բիծ աշուի չօ րեանմարի ա Բ-Բալ ժիլ  
 Was had us so prosperous in Fail country  
 Օրաչան յա քէլե յարի մեաժա ժւմ լաօժար  
 Dragons so hospitable not cowardly for valour (slaughter)  
 Արի արիւմ Բա լէյծմեաժ ա ծ-ժրաժծ րիօր  
 Our arms so famous in story down  
 Բա Բարծա չաժ Բեարիւրա ծա ծ-ժիշեաժ լե Բ-էլքիօժ  
 Was sweet each verse that came with effect

<sup>1</sup> Պաժարի Տենար, *Plain of Senar*. Fenius Farsa, king of Scythia, being desirous of becoming skilled in the various languages that sprung before his time from the confusion of tongues at the Tower of Babel, dispatched at his own expense seventy-two persons of learning to the several countries of the three parts of the world at that time inhabited, and commanded them to remain abroad for seven years, that each of them might learn the language of the country.

## SHANE BUI.\*

*Air*—"Shane Bui."

Alas for the records of ages afar,  
 The chiefs of our olden day's glory,  
 The shield of the stranger—the valiant in war—  
 The light of the *Seanachui's* story!  
 When billows of song  
 Pour'd their wild tide along,  
 And minstrels' gay lays might enthrall thee;  
 But our poets to-day  
 Have a new-fangled lay—  
 They rhyme to the measure of *Shane Bui*!

There's Greece and her glory, antiquity's star—  
 The Cæsars of history's pages—  
 The ancients that gather'd on far-fam'd Senaar,  
 Our guides through the gloom of past ages—

## INTERLINEAR TRANSLATION.

Aḡur ba ḡneanahar ḡaoḡar ah bḡaḡḡḡe  
 And was mirthful labour of our bards  
 ḡur malarḡa ah ḡaoḡal aḡr aḡarac ḡrḡḡe  
 Till bartered the world for different deeds  
 Aḡur na canḡar le haon neac aḡḡ Seaḡan buḡḡe.  
 And not chaunted by any person but John Yellow.  
 Staḡḡaḡb na ḡrḡḡe ḡibḡ ḡaḡḡḡoc le hḡḡḡocḡ  
 Stories of Greece who would chaunt with effect  
 Aḡur meacḡaḡb na Sḡarar do ba aḡḡ ḡḡḡ  
 And laws of the Cæsars of high deeds  
 Aḡur ah ḡararac lḡḡḡḡḡa bḡḡ aḡr mḡḡaḡe Sḡar  
 And the multitude learned were on plain of Senar  
 Ah aḡme ḡuḡ ḡaoḡar ah aḡraḡḡḡḡḡḡ  
 The tribe gave labour in antiquity

On their return to Scythia at the expiration of the seven years, he went to the plain of Shenar, which, according to the book of *Dromsneachta*, lies near the city of Athens, where all the youth of the neighbouring nations assembled to be instructed in the languages. VIDE KEATING'S IRELAND, p. 225; HALIDAY'S TRANS. *Dub.* 1811.

\* This Ballad seems to have been written in ridicule of the rhymers of that day, with whom the air of *Shane Bui*, was a favourite vehicle of verse.

ƧairƧe na Féine bíð realad Ƨo méineac,  
 Mó'n imteacð ar Éire ynn Dáicé.<sup>2</sup>  
 'S clanna Lir<sup>3</sup> éacðac fuaip peanaid ran  
 τ-ƧaoƧal,  
 Ní aitear leð 'n méid rin Ƨan SeáƧan búðe !

An cairmeit tuz béine<sup>4</sup> ó breatain—An  
 Ƨaoip flait,  
 Do báirdeag ó éméineacð a láinn-Ƨhíin ;

---

INTERLINEAR TRANSLATION.

ƧairƧe na Féine bíð realad Ƨo méineac  
 Valour of the *Fenians* was awhile unbounded

Mo an imteacð ar Éire ynn Dáicé  
 Or the departure from Erin made *Dathi*

Ƨur clanna Lir éacðac fuaip peanaid ran τ-ƧaoƧal  
 And children of Lir heroic found torment in the world

Ní aitear leð an méid rin Ƨan SeáƧan búðe.  
 Not joy to them all that without John Yellow.

---

<sup>2</sup> Dáicé. *Dathy*. Monarch of Ireland, A.D. 398, and last of the Irish Pagan kings, was distinguished by the name of Dathy, to signify his wonderful activity. This prince received his death by a thunder-bolt, as he was pursuing his conquests in Gaul, whither he had carried his arms against the Romans with great success. He died at the foot of the Alps, after coming off victorious in one hundred and fifty battles. His army carried his body with them into Ireland, and interred it with great solemnity at Roilic na Ríoc, in Cruaghan, after he had governed the island for twenty-three years.

It is said that his death was a judgment for having violated the cell and hermitage of Saint Firmin, the anchorite ; who, according to the book of *Leacan*, fol. 302, was a king, that having abdicated his crown, devoted himself to God in solitude, and passed the residue of his days in a turret, seventeen cubits high, at the foot of the Alps. O'FLAHERTY'S *OGYG.* Vol. ii. p. 351.

<sup>3</sup> Clanna Lir, *Children of Lir*. The Legend of the children of Lir has been since time immemorial in high repute, as one of the "Three tragic stories of the Irish," or the "Three Sorrows of Story-telling." Their names were Moð, Fionnuala, Fiacrað, and

The Fenians' high sway,  
 And the proud palmy day,  
 When Rome fled affrighted from Daithi—  
 Lir's offspring of wo—  
 All forgotten I trow,  
 If sung not in numbers of *Shane Bui*!

The discord that brought Beney Briot to our shore—  
 The deeds of great Luigh the Long-handed,

## INTERLINEAR TRANSLATION.

Ἀν ἐαιρμελλετ ἐυζ ὕβρις ο ὕμεαταρη αν παομφελατ  
 The contention brought *Beine* from Britain the hero  
 Ὅο βαρδεαζ ο ἐμένηαδδ α λαμ-ζήρη  
 Surnamed from might of his hand deeds

Coñ. It appears that at the birth of the two latter, who were twins, their mother *Moð* died; and their father *Lir* was persuaded to marry her sister *Moípe*, who, in consequence of the father's affection towards the children, became so enraged, that she brought the four children to Lough Dearg, and sent them to bathe in the water, where she touched them with a magic wand by which they were immediately transformed into swans. By this spell she bound them to spend three hundred years on Lough Dearg,—three hundred years on the Irish channel,—and three hundred years on *Jorruis Doimhnon*. On this subject we are favoured by some bard of the period with the following stanza:—

Clāñ a Lir a ζ-εμοτάιβ eun,  
 Wallacδ aμ an in-beul do luaδ;  
 Coñ, Fiacraδ, Fionguala, 'r Moδ,  
 Az rin διβ an δ-ταμα τιuaδ!

Children of Lir in shape of birds,  
 Curse upon the mouth that pronounced;  
 Conn, Fiachra, Fionola, and Aedh,  
 There for you is the second sorrow!

This lamentable tale is now preparing for the press with notes and translation by a gentleman well qualified for the task. It will be published uniform with the works of the *Irish Archæological Society*.

<sup>4</sup> *Beine* *Uíor*. For the history of this chivalrous hero, see KEATING'S IRELAND, Vol. ii. pp. 263-4-5. Dub. 1811.

Cuiphead Fearnur dub-déideac<sup>5</sup> 'r a cáiraid  
 cum éaga,  
 An tráic<sup>6</sup> geallad an éiric ó'n áird Rí<sup>7</sup>:  
 Do caillead Turgesur<sup>6</sup> a d-Teimair na  
 d-teméir-éirí,  
 An tan meara<sup>8</sup> leir éiríon zac mha<sup>8</sup> díob,  
 'S geallaim gan bréig<sup>8</sup> dúit nac tairneam leó  
 'n méid<sup>8</sup> rí,  
 Gan macairead<sup>8</sup> éiríon air seágan b'ide !

Zac air leagadair laochrad a g-Cluan-tairib<sup>7</sup>  
 na m-béimioí,  
 An airde le 'r radorad ó cáin<sup>8</sup> rí;  
 'S air caillead<sup>8</sup> 'na déig<sup>8</sup> rí do dearg<sup>8</sup> na  
 béite,<sup>8</sup>  
 Do táirioí<sup>8</sup> ó'n m-béiríne le mac<sup>8</sup> Maol.

## INTERLINEAR TRANSLATION.

Cuiphead Fearnur dub-déideac<sup>5</sup> agus a cáiraid cum éaga  
 Sent Fergus black-toothed and his friends to perish  
 An tráic<sup>6</sup> geallad an éiric o an áird rí<sup>7</sup>  
 When promised the reward from the high king  
 Do caillead Turgesur a d-Teimair na d-teméir éirí  
 Was lost Turgesius in Temor of the valiant men  
 An tan meara<sup>8</sup> leir éiríon zac mha<sup>8</sup> díob  
 When supposed by him ravish each maid of them  
 Agus geallaim gan bréig<sup>8</sup> dúit nac tairneam leó  
 And I promise without lie to you not joyful to them  
 an méid<sup>8</sup> rí  
 all that

<sup>5</sup> Fearnur Dub-déideac. *Fergus Black-toothed*. For the fate of the Ferguses at the battle of Cniona, where they fell by the hand of Luí<sup>8</sup> Láimh<sup>8</sup>, see KEATING, Vol. ii. pp. 268-69-70.

<sup>6</sup> Turgesur. Turgesius, the Danish tyrant who usurped the sovereignty of Ireland, A.D. 866; and who inflicted the most excessive cruelties on the Irish people. After reducing the country to the lowest state of vassalage, by rapine, plunder, and the sword, this monster in human shape met an untimely death at the hands of Maolseachlain, king of Meath, on whose daughter he cast an



When Black-toothed Fergus lay bathed in gore—  
 That *Eric* the monarch demanded !  
 When heaps of his slain  
 Taught Turgesius, the Dane,  
 How fatal the wrath of the *Ard-Righ*—  
 Go weave no sweet lay  
 Of green Erin's proud day,  
 Or measure your numbers to *Shane Bui* !

If heroes that perish'd at Clontarf of fame,  
 To gain their lov'd country's salvation—  
 Or her who left Breifny to anguish and shame,  
 For Dermot the curse of his nation—

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INTERLINEAR TRANSLATION.

Յան թագաբեւոճ ճիշիւ ար Տեաջան Կոյճե.  
 Without rhyming some on John Yellow.

Յաճ ար լեաջաճար լաօճրած ա ՅԿլադաբն Կա մեյմիօն  
 All that laid low heroes in Clontarf of the blows

Ան արճե լե ար թաօրած օ ճալիւ ըն  
 The feat by which freed from tribute us

Աջար ար Կալլեւճ յօնա ճճիշ ըն ճօ ճարճա Կա եյճե  
 And all were lost after that on account of the maiden

Ծօ ճարճիօլ ճն մեյմիֳքե լե մաճ Չաօլ  
 Did wander from *Breifny* with son of *Maol*

---

evil eye at a very advanced period of his life. The particulars are related fully at pp. 99 to 108, of the second volume of Keating's Ireland. *Dub.* 1841.

<sup>7</sup> The poet alludes to the celebrated battle of Clontarf, where the heroic Brian Boromhe put an end to Danish tyranny.

<sup>8</sup> Ծարճթօրճիւ, wife of Եյճարնան ա Քալլիւ, king of Breifny, who eloped with Ծարմիւճ մաճ Չարճաճ, king of Leinster, while her husband was on a pilgrimage to St. Patrick's Purgatory, who, when he returned, and understood that she was taken by force of arms, determined to be revenged on the king of Leinster. This event, which is fully related at p. 196, &c. vol. ii. of Keating, first occasioned the arrival of the English in this country, and to it we are indebted for all the slavery we have endured for upwards of seven centuries.

Ellyrabēta 'r a h-ſſēaſſi zuſi ſēanadaſi,  
 ʒyſſuon Dē ōſl, mo ēmāð cmoſde !  
 'S clan Ollyſēmaſ,<sup>9</sup> do ēpeaſzaſſi aſi ſ-clēſſie,  
 Mſl maſſēaſ ad ʒſēalta ſan ſeāſan byðe !

Mā'ſ oſſyðeac dēanta ēu ēanaſ ſac aon  
 t-ſult,  
 Mō ſacaſſieacð dſſēacða zo ſāſſi-bſſi ;  
 Do caſſaſſieaſi le ſēðlſſi coſſi leaſa, nō  
 aſſi ēaob cnoſc,  
 Mō aſſi maðaſſie, aſ tēaſſinaſ maſi 'tāſſiſ :  
 Mſl beanaðac Dē 'ca, nā ſpeaſſiað a ſ-ēi-  
 ſeacð,  
 Mā aſſiſſi aſſi ſēaſſiaſ, an ſānaſſie,  
 ʒcð ʒpaſſiað na ſ-Dēſſie nað cſyðeacða an  
 tē ſſi,  
 Mað ſſpeaſſiað ſiað ēiſſi aſſi ſeāſan byðe !

---

INTERLINEAR TRANSLATION.

Ellyrabeta aſuſ a h-ſſēaſſi zuſi ſēanadaſi  
 Elizabeth and her father did renounce  
 ʒyſſuon Dē ōſl mo ēmāð cmoſde  
 Maſſ of God pure my torment heart  
 ʒuſi clan Ollyſēmaſ do ēpeaſzaſſi aſi ſ-clēſſie  
 And clan Oliver's did ſlay our clergy  
 Mſ byuſ maſſēaſ ad ʒſēalta ſan ſeāſan byðe.  
 Not is uſe in thy tales without John Yellow.

---

<sup>9</sup> Ollyſēmaſ. *Oliver Cromwell*. We need not refer to the pages of history for the cruelties of this sanguinary fanatic, as our Churches, our Abbeys and Monasteries, sufficiently shew the marks of his sacrilegious hands. The eastern window of the Cathedral of St. Canice, Kilkenny, contained the history of Christ from his birth to his Ascension, in emblems of beautifully stained glass, for which Rinuccini, the Pope's Nuncio, when he attended the meeting of the confederate Catholics, offered £700 ; but neither the plenitude of the power with which he was invested, nor the distresses of the times, could prevail on the prelate, David Roth, or the Chapter, to comply with his wishes : this beautiful specimen of ancient art remained standing until shattered by the usurper and his vile soldiery. LEDWICH'S ANTIQUITIES, p. 388.

If Henry the king,  
 Or Eliza you sing—  
 Who levell'd our altars, *ma chrá cree* !  
 Or Cromwell, whose horde  
 Gave our priests to the sword—  
 You'll tune them to numbers of *Shane Bui* !

Do strains from your harp through the heaving heart thrill?  
 Or are you a pastoral chimer?—  
 When clodpoles approach you by valley or hill,  
 When wand'ring as wanders your rhymers—  
 Untaught ev'n to say  
 Heav'n prosper your way—  
 Or, may Charles our monarch again be !  
 They'll aver by their God,  
 You're the soul of a clod,  
 If you sing not the measure of *Shane Bui* !

---

INTERLINEAR TRANSLATION.

Ḃhar oimpeideac déanta éu éanar zác aon tfulc  
 If melodious made you to chaunt each one pleasure

No macaimeacód dmeáda zo ráimbíñ  
 Or low rhyming verses so sweetly

To carraige le Feislim cor leara no aji éaob choic  
 To meet with Phelim foot rath or on side hill

No aji inaáine az téarhain mar atáimíð  
 Or on a plain sojourning as we are

Nj beusl beanaáad Dá aca na ppeazhnað a nēppeacód  
 Not is blessing of God have they or reply in effect

Na ajeimr aji Séarlar an fanaige  
 Or mention of Charles the wanderer (exile)

Acód rpalpað na ndéite nać cuspeacóda an té rin  
 But swearing the deities not companion is him

Nać rppeazfað mað éigín aji Séazán buise.  
 Not prompt something on John Yellow.

'bē M-ĒIRJMM Ī.

William Dall, mō cān.

ƿoñ—" Ʒibē n-Ējμñ Ī."

Ʒ n-Ʒleann-ƿaib ƿējñ na h-ējƷre bjm,  
 Ʒ bƿann-ƿaɹ ƿējñ, a n-Ʒēib' Ʒač laoi;  
 Ʒn ƿeanƷ-bean Ʒlē, ba bēaƿač Ʒnaoi,  
 Do ƿƷanniač mē, 'bē n-Ējμñ Ī!  
                   'bē n-Ējμñ Ī! 'bē n-Ējμñ Ī!

Mj ēmačda mē aji čēle Maoiɹ,  
 ƿuƷāɹ na n-Ʒaoiɹdeai aji d-ƿēačd don čmaoiɹb,  
 'Mā'n bāb o'n n-ƷmējƷ do čēaɹ an ƿmaoi,  
 Ie Ʒmač mo člēib, 'bē n-Ējμñ Ī!  
                   'bē n-Ējμñ Ī! ɹc.

'S bmeāƷa, deaɹ, dmejmmēač, mējƷ, a dlaoi,  
 Ʒo bāɹi an ƿējñ na ƿlaod' aji bjƷ;<sup>1</sup>  
 Ʒ ƿlāč-ƿolt mējƷ, do dēaiɹač an ƿljoɹ,  
 Ʒji Ʒmač mo člēib, 'bē n-Ējμñ Ī!  
                   'bē n-Ējμñ Ī! ɹc.

INTERLINEAR TRANSLATION.

Ʒ nƷleann-ƿaib ƿējñ na hējƷre bjm  
 In valleys mild of the bards I be  
 Ʒ bƿann-ƿaɹ ƿējñ a nƷēibjoñ Ʒač laoi  
 In a swoon painful in fetters each day  
 Ʒn ƿeanƷbean Ʒlē ba bēaƿač Ʒnaoi  
 The slender maid pure so discreet visage  
 Do ƿƷanniač mē Ʒibē n-Ējμñ Ī.  
 Did alarm me whoe'er in Erin is she.  
 Mj ēmačda mē aji čēle Maoiɹ  
 Not mention I the spouse of *Naisi*

<sup>1</sup> bjƷ, *rain, dew*. I have had two versions of this song before me, in which I find the word bjɹ (which I do not understand) substituted for that which I introduce as the original. The poet, when speaking of the beauty and excellence of her hair, evidently means that it swept the dew off the grass.

## 'bÉ N-EJRJNH J.

IN Druid vale alone I lay,  
 Oppress'd with care, to weep the day—  
 My death I owed one sylph-like she,  
 Of witchery rare, 'bÉ n-Ejriū í!  
 'bÉ n-Ejriū í!

The spouse of Naisi, Erin's wo—  
 The dame that laid proud Ilium low—  
 Their charms would fade, their fame would flee,  
 Match'd with my fair, 'bÉ n-Ejriū í!  
 'bÉ n-Ejriū í!

Behold her tresses unconfin'd,  
 In wanton ringlets woo the wind,  
 Or sweep the sparkling dew-drops free,  
 My heart's dear maid, 'bÉ n-Ejriū í!  
 'bÉ n-Éjriū í!

## INTERLINEAR TRANSLATION.

Ţuḡ am na nḡaobal ari deacád don Ćraoiḃ  
 Brought destruction the Gael on coming to the Branch

Ionā an báb ón nḡréiḡ do céar an Ţraoi  
 Or the babe from Greece did torment the Troy

Le ḡraḃ mo cḡéiḃ ḡiḃé n-Éjriū í.  
 With love of my bosom whoever in Erin is she.

Ar breáḡa dear dḡéimreac réiḡ a dḡaoi  
 Beautiful neat plaited free her locks

ḡo bāri an fḡéiri na íḡaoda ari bíḡ  
 To top the grass in ringlets on dew

A clac folt réiḡ do deaḡraḃ an flíor  
 Her tender locks free that excelled the fleece

Ari ḡraḃ mo cḡéiḃ ḡiḃé n-Ejriū í.  
 On love of my bosom whoever in Erin is she.

'S cārīnari, taodač, deuriac, bñōm!  
 ʒo cīārdte, cīēmeac, ceurda o iñnaoi!  
 Kāñnac, kaon, ʒan čēll aji baonj!  
 le ʒiāo don bēič, 'bē n-ējjiñ j!  
 'bē n-ējjiñ j! 7c.

Յիսի որոնիս նստիս շէջիս ասի շաօն Ինչե Ին,  
 Բա Բիւն ա ճշին Ի ճան Գոն Գան Բիւն !  
 Ըյա Իժօլքաժ Գոն Յիս Դե Գան Լիւն  
 Յիւն Իժօլ Գոն շէյն, 'բե Գ-Եիսիս Ի !  
 'բե Գ-Եիսիս Ի ! ԴԵ.

ԱՅՅԱՆՑԱՅԻՆ ԱՄ ՁՈՅԻՄԻՏ.

Ulliam Dall, nó càn.

For—“Mallige beag O!”

Այս քրիստոսն է զորս քրիստոսն է զորս քրիստոսն է,  
 Դո իբրև զորս քրիստոսն է, Բա իբրև զորս քրիստոսն է,  
 Բա իբրև զորս քրիստոսն է,

### INTERLINEAR TRANSLATION.

Ἄρ' ἐλπίδας τρυφὰς δεινὰς ἔβδωκα  
'Tis mournful fierce tearful I do be

Ὁ πάλιν ἐκτετακέναι τὴν ψυχὴν αὐτοῦ διὰ τὸν πόλεμον  
Painful wounded tortured from woman

Ἰατῆρας φαύλῳ ἄνευ νοῦ  
Wanderer feeble without sense afflicted

Le ghráð do an béal gíbé n-Éirinn í.  
With love to the maid whoever in Erin is she.

ʔɪn ɲeðɪn nɪʔɪn t̪eɪʒɪm ʔɪn t̪əoð ruɪʒe ʔiɲ  
 At noon when I go on side seat *Fionn's*

<sup>2</sup> **SRĠE FĠŲ.** *The resting place, or watch-tower of Fionn, who being a man of the chase, selected those hills which appeared to him best calculated to afford a fair prospect of the surrounding country. Hence, the numerous hills known by that name throughout Ireland, particularly in Munster.*

<sup>3</sup> Cólhl nōp, a great wood, evidently refers to the wood of

Fierce passions' slave, from hope exil'd,  
 Weak, wounded, weary, woful, wild—  
 Some magic spell she wove for me,  
 That peerless maid, 'be η-Ε||η|η̄ í !  
 'be η-Ε||η|η̄ í !

But O ! one noon I clomb a hill,  
 To sigh alone—to weep my fill,  
 And there Heaven's mercy brought to me  
 My treasure rare, 'bē η-Ε||η|η̄ í !  
 'be η-Ε||η|η̄ í !



### THE VOICE OF JOY.

*Air—"Molly beag O !"*

By Kilmore's woody highland,  
 Wand'ring dark and drear,  
 A voice of joy came o'er me,  
 More holy to mine ear,

### INTERLINEAR TRANSLATION.

Ἔα βριόη α ζέειν αζυρ̄ ζαν̄ αον̄ δα μο̄ βυδ̄ιη  
 Under grief afar and without one of my tribe  
 C|ᾱ ρεδ̄λ̄αδ̄ αον̄ Ὡαc̄ Ὁē̄ αη̄ λ̄ιον̄  
 Who would steer only Son of God in my net (way)  
 Ἀέδ̄ ρτ̄όρ̄ μο̄ ἐλέιβ̄ ζ|βē̄ η-Ε||η|η̄ í.  
 But treasure my bosom whoever in Erin is she.

Ἀ|η̄ β|η|ᾱc̄ ηᾱ Cο|l|lēmō|η|ē ραο|̄ ἐ|η|ᾱδ̄ β|η|ατ̄α|β̄ β|ρ̄ό|η̄  
 On bounds the of wood great under hard veils of sorrow  
 Ὁο̄ ρεδ̄λαδ̄ ζυ|c̄ αη̄ ἐ|η|α|ρ̄αδ̄ βᾱ ρ̄α|η|η̄c̄ē λ̄ιoη̄ ρᾱ δο̄  
 Did steer voice in my ears more delightful with me twice

Aherlow, which extends from Galbally to Bansha. It is not more than two miles from Shronehill to the South, and fronting the Galtee-more, and the magnificent chain of mountains from Mitchelstown to Clogheen, presents a scene most beautiful and picturesque. It was in the seclusion of this immense wood that the

Má ceól na cnuite a ruaimin,  
 'S ná glóir na lon ra n-uaisgnear;  
 Do b'é ceól ba bñe ari cuairid liom, dá z-cu-  
 alaó don t-róir.

'Má'n ceól do éugaid ruaisg-éirí, éarí móir-míre  
 ó'n Róim,  
 'Má'n r-róir do déimio gmuagaircc, a gcuairid-  
 lír ari íluaí.  
 'Má'n g-eóir do léigir Cuacáó,  
 Go nuad cóir Coille a mbnuac chóir;  
 'S gac bíón gur óirí mo éuairid díom, muna  
 mbead Mallairge beag O!

Sairte beac do luadag líñ, ari éuairirg a  
 dtreóir,  
 An f-óigíarí do bead go buadairéa, 'r gan ru-  
 aircear airge Seón?<sup>4</sup>

---

INTERLINEAR TRANSLATION.

Na ceól na cnuite a ruaimin  
 Than music of the harp so tuneful

Agus ná glóir na lon ra nuaisgnear  
 And the lays of the blackbirds in the wilderness

Do ba e ceól ba bñe ari cuairid liom dá zcualaó  
 'Twas the music most melodious on visit with me that I heard  
 don t-róir.  
 of the sort.

---

learned Doctor Keating wrote his History of Ireland more than two centuries back; and no doubt, our poet sought refuge in its silent shade when composing the present song, in which he foretels that the career of the tyrant Damer would not long survive; and neither did it: for in a few short years after, the tyrant died, leaving the immense wealth which he accumulated by fraud and usury, to scatter and waste away like chaff thrown before the four winds; or to use an Irish phrase, “*Thair léaíais órbair na h-aban*,” literally, “*as the melting of the froth of the river*.”

<sup>4</sup> John Damer, Esq. the celebrated usurer.



Than wild harp's breathings dreamy,  
 Or blackbird's warbling streamy ;  
 No seraph choir could frame me,  
 Such soft music dear !

More sweet than anthems holy,  
 Brought seaward from Rome,  
 Than spells by wizards spoken  
 O'er stolen maidens' doom,  
 Or cuckoo's song inspiring,  
 Where woods green hills environ—  
 Save love for one fair siren,  
 It banish'd my gloom.

The golden bees were ranging  
 The air for a chief,—  
 'Twas freedom's trumpet woken,  
 And dark tyrants' grief.

---

INTERLINEAR TRANSLATION.

Na an ceól do tuzaid ruaidéir tair mór-muir ó Róim  
 Or the music brought by sages over lofty ocean from Rome  
 Na an rópuit do déirid zruadaircc a zruaid lir air flud  
 Or the sport made by wizards in firm raths on hosts

Na an zéoir do léirid cuacá  
 Or the shout that fall from cuckoos

Go ruad éoir coilte a mbuac choic  
 Early by a wood on border of hill

Azur zac broid zur éirir mo éairid diom muia mbead  
 And each sorrow did put my visit of me were it not for

Mallaiže beaz O  
 Molly little O

Saice beac do luadaž lñ air éairirz a dzreoir  
 Swarm of bees approached us in search of their chief

An fózmar do bead go buadarca azur zan ruaircear  
 The harvest will be calamitous and without joy

Aiže Seón  
 to John

Seóirre éar lear dá muagad,  
 'S an cóir do bhoí go buacac;  
 Gan óir ná bailte air buan dóib, 'r ní tmuag  
 lhom a mbóin.

A Spóhail dá mbeirín rínte faoi éirí-  
 leac a gcóinead,  
 'S an rgeal ro éol mar éualad, go ruanmair  
 air reól;  
 le fóir a 'r neart mo guaille,  
 An fód go scaitfin ruar díom;  
 'S me teac éar m'air go luaimneac faoi  
 éuair an rgeól.

~~~~~

UILLIAM DALL AGUS AN TSHUUR
 fonn—"buacail ná m-bó ra gímlet."

An Táirgí.

'S dyne me ríubalad a lán,
 faoi éiríleac atáim ó muagad me;

INTERLINEAR TRANSLATION.

Seóirre éar lear dá muagad
 George afar expelled
 Agus an cóir do bhoí go buacac
 And the tribe who were exalted

Gan óir ná bailte air buan dóib agus ní tmuag
 Without gold or townlands lasting to them and not pitied
 lhom a mbóin.
 with me their sorrow.

A Spóhail dá mbeirín rínte faoi éiríleac a gcóinead
 In Shronehill if I were stretched under a hard flag at rest
 Agus an rgeal ro éol mar éualad go ruanmair air reól
 And the tale this to hear as heard so pleasantly afloat.

¹ The hero of this humoursome little melody is a David Cleary, an eccentric knight of the Thimble, who wasted his earnings among the fair sex till far advanced in life, when finding his expectations fail, introduced himself to Uilliam Dall, who composed the song extempore.

And George, a homeless ranger,—
 His tribe, the faithless stranger,
 Far banish'd—and their danger,
 My glad heart's relief!

If o'er me lay at Shronehill*
 The hard flag of doom,
 And came that sound of sweetness
 To cheer the cold gloom—
 Death's darksome bondage broken,
 My dull, deaf ear had woken,
 And at the spell-word spoken,
 I'd burst from the tomb!

~~~~~  
 THE BARD AND THE TAILOR.<sup>1</sup>

*Air*—"Buachail na mbo gus a yimlet."

THE TAILOR.

I've rambled full many a mile,  
 And misery ever pursuing me,

~~~~~  
 INTERLINEAR TRANSLATION.

Le fòir a aḡur neaite mo ḡuaillle
 By force and strength of my shoulders

Ah fòd ḡo ḡcaitefith ruar dḡiom
 The sod I would toss up of me

Aḡur me teaòd ear mo aḡr ḡo luaimneac faoi tḡaḡum
 And I coming back so swiftly in expectation

ah rḡeòil.
 of the tale.

Aḡ duine me fḡubalaò a lan
 A person I am travelled afar

Faoi cḡroaib aḡaḡm o ruḡaò me
 Under crosses I am from birth me

* Shronehill, a parish three miles west of Tipperary and the place of William Dall's nativity; in this district stood Damer's Court, erected by John Damer, Esq. more than a century ago. This magnificent mansion was taken down in 1776. The property now belongs to the Earl of Portarlington.

¹ The introduction of the tailor and his amorous woes on this occasion, seems to have been done to furnish a vehicle for the display

Sjor leigjon mo cūmairn le mnāib,
 Ĵur ĵoineadar bāire 'r fētce orin !

Ulliam Dall.

Cā'ri b'iongnad dūne de'd cārl,
 Do ērtim a lāri na h-aindeire ;
 Tpe mēro do ĵliogair le mnāib,
 'S Solam² mēic Dāibĵ ĵur mealladar !
 Tarriamz zo caoin an rgeōl,
 U cārad bĵo ĵ-clōd na reanacāo ;
 'S reāri mar ĵnĵoin 'nā 'n t-ōl,
 Seacain zo deō na ĵalarin rin ?

Keuc-ra ! Samron³ ba ĵmorde,
 Do leagad ran m-bivĵin na Ĵilirtinr ;
 Le mēro a cārtinm do mnaoi,
 Ĵur b'aindir an t-rlĵe 'nar imēĵ rē !
 Tarriamz zo caoin an rgeōl, 7c.

INTERLINEAR TRANSLATION.

Sjor leigjon mo cūmairn le mnāib
 Oft revealing my affection to women
 Ĵur ĵoineadar bāire aĵur fētēd orin
 Till they won a goal and twenty on me
 Ca ar ba iongnad dūne de ad cārl
 What wonder a man of thy fame
 Do ērtim a lāri na haindeire
 To fall in the depth of misery

of the poet's learning. This was a vanity quite common at that period with men of the highest literary attainments ; and it is no matter of surprise that our blind wanderer would follow their example. In this rapid sketch of female perversity, he displays a considerable knowledge of heathen mythology, and sacred and profane history. To prove that Heffernan was a greatly gifted man, we have only to refer the reader to the songs preceding this poem, particularly to "bē n-Elmĵ ĵ," and the "Voice of Joy," which contain passages of exquisite sweetness and beauty.

² See the First Book of Kings.

³ Book of Judges, chapter xvi.

Yet still my chief curse was the guile
Of woman, in treachery wooing me!

WILLIAM DALL.

What matters to tailoring youth,
A shot from their wily battery,
And Solomon wisest, in sooth,
Beguiled by sly, female flattery.

CHORUS.*

When writing a stanza divine,
Have wisdom and learning inspiring you—
And shun the false fiend of red wine,
Lest misery ever environ you!

See Samson, the strong man of old,
Who slaughter'd the Philistine foeman,
How sad is his fate to unfold,
He died by the wiles of a woman!
When writing a stanza divine, &c.

INTERLINEAR TRANSLATION.

Եւ մէյծ Եւ չլօջայիւ ի միայն
Through all thy flattery with women
Այսր Տօլայի մեյծ Եւ յայնչ զսր մեալածար
And Solomon son of David that they deceived
Եւրբայոյն զօ շօյն առ ըջօլ
Draw smoothly the tale
Ա շարած ելծ շլօծ նա ըբարած
Friend be in appearance of the sages
Ար ըբար մար շոյոյն յոնա առ շօլ
Tis better as deed than the drinking
Տօժայոյն զօ Եւ նա շալայիւ ըր
Forsake for ever the evils these
Եւ շար Տամրոյն եւ շոյն
Behold Samson the mighty
Շօ լեաշած ըն միայնչիոյն նա ըլլիւրտիոյ
That fell in the fight the Philistines
Եւ մէյծ ա շալչիոյն Եւ միայն
By excess his admiration to woman
Եւր եւ աղծիւր առ ըլլիչ յոնար յմէլչ ը.
That miserable the way did depart he.

* This chorus has no immediate connexion with the poem, and it seems to be the burden of some ancient song which has been lost. However it deserves to be retained here, if it were only to show how our moralists of old could anticipate the teaching of Father Mathew!

Feuc-ra ! hepculey ljoimča,
 ʒin leanh ba žmojde aʒ Jupiter ;
 Tpe mējd a čumajñ le mhaoi,
 ʒo mnead rjad rprjor ran tejne de !
 Čarpmajñ ʒo čaojn an rʒeol, ʒc.

Mār lējʒir aji čačaji na Čraoi,
 bī aʒ ajcme na ʒ-čraoiʒeac ʒ-cumarač,
 Tpe hēlen ʒpeanahari, ʒijñ,
 ʒuri časllead na mjlte 'r tyllead aca !
 Čarpmajñ ʒo čaojn an rʒeol, ʒc.

Feuc-ra ! an leanh, mac Četir,
 ʒiciller, ʒpeaʒac, jomajcač,
 Tpe mējd a čumajñ le bējč,
 ʒuri mčjd aji čaob na čjubajrde !
 Čarpmajñ ʒo čaojn an rʒeol, ʒc.

INTERLINEAR TRANSLATION.

Feucra hepculey ljoimča
 Behold Hercules polished
 An leanh ba žmojde aʒ Jupiter
 The child most mighty had Jupiter
 Tpe mējd a čumajñ le mhaoi
 Through excess his affection to woman
 ʒo mnead rjad rprjor ran tejne de.
 Did make they embers in the fire of him.
 Mār lējʒir aji čačaji na Čraoi
 Have you not read of the city of Troy
 bī aʒ ajcme na ʒ-čraoiʒeac ʒ-cumarač
 Had the tribe the spears powerful
 Tpe hēlen ʒpeanahari ʒijñ
 Through Helen loving pleasant (elegant)
 ʒuri časllead na mjlte aʒur tyllead aca.
 That perished the thousands and more of them.
 Feucra an leanh mac Četir
 Behold the child son of Thetis
 ʒiciller ʒpeaʒac jomajcač
 Achilles Grecian arrogant

See Hercules,⁴ Jupiter's son,
 His fall every reader remembers—
 Dejanira soon left him undone,
 When roasting his carcass to embers!
 When writing a stanza divine, &c.

You've listen'd to stories of Troy,
 Its heroes and proud pavilions once,
 How Helen,⁵ the giver of joy,
 Gave death to its mighty millions once.
 When writing a stanza divine, &c.

You've heard of great Achilles' fame,
 As you have abroad been travelling,
 And how fair Polyxena⁶ came
 And guided young Paris' javelin.
 When writing a stanza divine, &c.

INTERLINEAR TRANSLATION.

Τῆρ ἠέϊδ αὖ ἑταίρῳ ἡ βίη
 Through excess his affection with maid

Ἰὼν ἰὼν αὖ ἐπὶ τῇ τύχῃ
 Did go on side the misfortune

⁴ When Dejanira found that Hercules had forsaken her for the love of another, she sent him the fatal shirt which, the Centaur Nessus had assured her, possessed the power of restoring his former love. The poison of the Hydra of Lerna, with which this garment was impregnated, soon pierced the marrow of his bones. In his torture, the hero raised his own funeral pile, and burned himself upon mount Oeta in Thessaly.

⁵ Helena, the daughter of Jupiter and Leda, the most beautiful woman of her time, eloped from her husband, Menelaus, king of Sparta, with Paris the son of the king of Troy. This act of female frailty occasioned a ten years' war which ended in the destruction of that most famous city. It however produced the Iliad of Homer.

⁶ Polyxena was the daughter of king Priam. Achilles, the scourge of Troy, and the slayer of Hector, became enamoured of her beauty, and claimed her in marriage. During the ceremony in the temple of Apollo, he was treacherously slain by Paris. Polyxena was afterwards sacrificed on the tomb of the hero.

Feuc-ra! Aicteon gmoide,
 O'mtjg faoi'n g-coll 'na beahapoc;
 Tpe cleafab Diana, na rafgead,
 Sur fmac riad a gadairi na greaman e!
 Tairriang go caoin an rgeol, 7c.

Feuc-ra! clah Uisneach, nar rtrjoc,
 A dmtjg le mnaoi go h-Alban;
 Tpe eijon cleafab an Rjg,
 Sur caillead le dmoigead a n-Eamajj iad!
 Tairriang go caoin an rgeol, 7c.

Connaoi neartmar iheic Dairie,
 A n-dhice U Deaga, ba calma;
 Rji njoir cynead iona lapi,
 Sur tug re blachaid o Alban!
 Tairriang go caoin an rgeol, 7c.

INTERLINEAR TRANSLATION.

Feucra Aicteon gmoide
 Behold Acteon valiant

Oo mtjg faoi an gcoll na beahapoc
 That went under (to) the wood as a stag (horned buck)

Tpe cleafab Diana na rafgead
 Through intrigues of Diana of the arrows

Sur fmac riad a gadairi iona greaman e
 Did tear they his dogs into bits him

Feucra clah Uisneach nar rtrjoc
 Behold children of Uisneach not surrendered

A dmtjg le mnaoi go h-Alban
 That went with woman to Alba

Tpe eijon cleafab an Rjg
 Through wise intrigues of the king

Sur caillead le dmoigead a n-Eamajj iad.
 Did perish by witchcraft in Emania them.

Connaoi neartmar iheic Dairie
 Conroy powerful son of Dairy

A ndhice U Deaga ba calmad
 In the country of O Deagha so valiant

How Actæon⁷ died a wild deer,
 When Dian with antlers adorned him;
 Some whisper 'twas meant for your ear,
 To prove 'twas in wedlock she horn'd him!
 When writing a stanza divine, &c.

You've oft heard a Senachui sing
 Of Deirdre⁸ the sorrowful story—
 How for her great Connor, the king,
 Left Ullad's three champions gory.
 When writing a stanza divine, &c.

See Conroy,⁹ the chief of his clan,
 The highway of glory pursuing,
 Never met with his match in a man,
 Till Blanit consigned him to ruin!
 When writing a stanza divine, &c.

INTERLINEAR TRANSLATION.

Đáirí njoir cúlíead jona lár
 Treachery not sent in his middle (heart)
 Đur éuz ré blaénaib o Alba.
 Till brought he Blahnaid from Alba.

⁷ Actæon, the son of Aristæus, turned into a stag, and devoured by his own dogs, for accidentally seeing Diana naked, as she bathed in a fountain.

⁸ Deirdre was a beautiful young lady, who was, from the period of her birth, kept confined by Connor, king of Ulster, in a fortified tower, because a Druid foretold that she would cause great disturbances in the kingdom. When Deirdre had arrived at womanhood, Naois, a young gentleman of Connor's court, and one of the sons of Uisneagh, aided by his two brothers, found means to bear off the beautiful captive to Scotland. The king of that country received the fugitives with great honour, till smitten by the fatal charms of the lady, he formed a plan to take away the life of her lover. The sons of Uisneach were forced to flee, and Connor learning their distress, by promises of pardon allured them over to Ireland, where the three brothers were treacherously murdered by his order. For this act of perfidy, Connor, abandoned by his own nobles, saw Ulster ravaged from shore to shore, and bathed with the blood of its bravest warriors.

⁹ For the story of Conroy, or Cúuizh mac Dáille, see page 35 of this work, or Keating's Ireland, vol. i. page 405, Haliday's translation.

Feuc-ra ! Taile meic Treoin,
 Tug turpar gan gó go banba ;
 Tre Niam, na n-dlaoiḡ-folt car n-óir,
 Sur caillead ran n-gleo le h-Orgar e !
 Tarrmainḡ go caoin an rḡeól, 7c.

Feuc-ra ! Fion mac Cúmhail,
 Ceap coranta 'r clú na banba ;
 An t'eud n-uair bhoirdaḡ a búir,
 Sur maib an fear Cúil do b'fearra aḡe !
 Tarrmainḡ go caoin an rḡeól, 7c.

Gid' léidneac fearaib na n-ḡaoidéal,
 Tmucaḡ na Mide n-óir ḡlanadaí ;
 Turḡeirur b'ḡ aca 'na Ríḡ,
 Sur caillead le h-inḡion Maolreacáin ?
 Tarrmainḡ go caoin an rḡeól, 7c.

 INTERLINEAR TRANSLATION.

Feuc-ra Taile meic Treoin
 Behold Taile son of the mighty

Tug turpar gan gó go banba
 Gave journey without doubt to Banba

Tre Niam na ndlaoiḡ folt car n-óir
 Through Niamh of the hair locks twisted golden
 Sur caillead ran n-gleo le h-Orgar e.
 That slain in the fight with Osgar him.

Feuc-ra Fion Mac Cúmhail
 Behold Fion Mac Cumhail

Ceap coranta aḡur clú na banba
 Bulwark protective and fame of Banba

An teud n-uair bhoirdaḡ a búir
 The jealousy when hastened his wrath

Sur maib an fear Cúil do ba fearra aḡe
 Did slay the man behind that best he had

Gid' léidneac fearaib na n-ḡaoidéal
 Tho' victorious men of the Gael

Tmucaḡ na Mide n-óir ḡlanadaí
 Territory of Meath not cleared they

See the powerful Talc-mac-Treon¹⁰
 Allur'd by Nea-Nua's tresses,
 Beneath Oscar's battle-axe prone,
 Died cursing sly Cupid's gesses !
 When writing a stanza divine, &c.

There's Fionn Mac-Cool¹¹ the boast
 Of Erin's ancient chivalry,
 Destroy'd the best man of his host
 Through jealousy, green-ey'd devilry !
 When writing a stanza divine, &c.

There are the warriors of Meath
 Submitting to rapine and slaughter,
 Till Turgesius¹² met with his death,
 For love of king Malachy's daughter !
 When writing a stanza divine, &c.

INTERLINEAR TRANSLATION.

Turgesius bíd aca na Rí
 Turgesius had they as a King
 Súir cáilleas le hionóin Maolíreacáin
 Till perished by daughter of Malachy

¹⁰ The story of Talc-mac-Treon is already told at page 44 of this work.

¹¹ Fion-mac-Cumhail, the general of the Irish soldiery in the reign of Cormac, monarch of Ireland, to whose daughter, the princess Graine, he was married. Graine forsook her husband Fion for love of Diarmid O Duibhne, whom the injured Fion afterwards slew.

¹² The people of Ireland suffered the most galling oppression about the middle of the ninth century, from Turgesius the Norwegian. After many bloody engagements, the Irish in despair resigned the struggle, and yielded to the swarms of fierce barbarians. At length, Malachy, the king of Meath, fired with the insulting proposal sent by Turgesius, demanding the princess of Meath as his mistress, contrived to introduce by stratagem fifteen beardless youths disguised as females into the castle of the tyrant. This gallant band, having slain the chief officers, opened the gates to Malachy, who, with a chosen body of men, put the garrison to the sword. Animated by this event, the Irish rose upon their enslavers, and cut them off in every part of the kingdom. After this great deliverance, Turgesius, who was reserved for the hand of the executioner, was publicly drowned in Lough Annin.

le Múrcad n-uair léigeadar Mór, *
 Sgeul tuimhneac bídín do Banba ;
 Cluiche tré'ir cýnead an é'íóin,
 Uir dhne de póir na bpeatainne !
 Taimhne go caoin an rgeól, 7c.

Sin mar do éigeadar Taoiseil,
 U dhne gan céill na tagairre ;
 Uir tsubaird do mteig oir kéin,
 O mealladar béite t-acairad !
 Taimhne go caoin an rgeól,
 U cairad bíd g-clód na reanacac ;
 'S kéair mar ghoir 'há 'h t-ól,
 Seacair go deó na galair rin ?†

INTERLINEAR TRANSLATION.

le Múrcad uair léigeadar Mór
 With Murrough when they allowed Moir
 Sgeul tuimhneac bídín do Banba
 Story woful mournful to Banba

* This line runs thus in every version which I have yet seen—
 “O Múirir uair éigeadar Mór,” which must be entirely
 wrong, as the English could never sway the sceptre of Ireland had
 it not been for Dearbóirí, whom the poet calls Mór, wife
 of Tígearán ua Ruairc, king of Brcfny, who eloped with
 Oíarín mac Múrcad, king of Leinster. Or perhaps the
 allusion is made to the English general Maurice Fitzgerald, who,
 with Robert Fitzstephen, rendered important service to the cause of
 Mac Murrough, who offered his daughter in marriage to either of
 them as a reward for their zeal and faithful services ; but they had
 too much honour to accept of the lady, because she had been for-
 merly contracted to the Earl of Strangwell, when Diarmuid solicited
 his assistance from the crown of England. But the lady's name
 appears to be Aoiré, and not Mór.

† Our Irish poets always had a fancy for giving a chorus, which
 is called in Irish “Cuir fá,” to their humorous songs, and our
 blind bard swayed the palm in this respect. When any of these
 songs were sung at the hearth of the cottier of a cold winter evening,
 as was usually the case, the assembled multitude joined in the chorus,
 a custom prevalent this day throughout Munster. I have in my
 possession a large collection of Songs of this class.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

"We have already noticed the collection of Jacobite relics and other songs in course of publication in penny numbers by Mr. Daly of Kilkenny. It has arrived at the fifth number without any diminution of interest. Each song is accompanied by an interlinear translation, and a metrical version by Mr. Edward Walsh, the writer of some popular poetry in this Journal. We notice it, at present, to extract a favorite relic of great beauty from the last number.

* * * * *

Nothing can be better calculated to promote the *reading* of the Irish Language among the people, than a publication, so popular in price and spirit; and we trust the Catholic Clergy, and the Teetotal Societies will put it in their way."—*Nation*.

"We think the public are deeply indebted to Mr. Daly, for the production of this National Work: independently of its value as an addition to our national literature, its influence in a political point of view will be very great, perhaps incalculable. He was a profound Statesman who said, 'Give me the making of a Nation's Songs, and I care not who makes her laws.'"—*Kilkenny Journal*.

"A service will thus be rendered to our National Literature, and many of the sweetest compositions of our ancient bards, will be rescued from that everlasting oblivion to which they were hastening. Another service will be rendered to the country. These Songs for the most part, breathe a spirit of holy patriotism; and their importance, at the present moment, in fanning the flame of nationality, can hardly be over-estimated."—*Limerick Reporter*.

"If we were to judge from the excellent arrangement and the beautiful form in which this work before us is brought out, highly creditable to the taste and enterprise of the writer and publisher, we shall say that the matter is worthy of the manner, and the manner of the matter—a rich substance clothed in rich garments; every Irishman should subscribe to the work, it is exceedingly cheap."—*Kerry Examiner*.

"Among the 'Signs' which indicate the growing spirit of Nationality in Ireland, not the least worthy of note is the publication of various relics of ancient Irish Poetry. We have before us a series of 'Penny Numbers,' of old Irish Ballads, collected by Mr. JOHN DALY of Kilkenny, and furnished with interlinear translations, for publication, with an English metrical version by Mr. EDWARD WALSH, who is, we believe, one of the poetical contributors to the *Nation* Newspaper. They form a valuable help to persons desirous to acquire a knowledge of the Irish Language."—*Drogheda Argus*.

"We sincerely wish every success to Mr. DALY's creditable effort to sustain the growing spirit of Nationality, by giving us a collection of Songs in our vernacular tongue, which 'is not dead but speaketh,' notwithstanding the efforts of foreign tyranny to extinguish it altogether. The Songs are, on the whole, excellent, and afford

...story, and the facility with which the Irish Language can be brought into poetical or musical composition. The translations are good; and the historical expositions and illustrative notes, at once entertaining and instructive."—*Chronicle and Munster Advertiser*.

"We have so often expressed our approbation of the manner in which all parties, concerned in getting out the admirable Irish Songs collected by Mr. Daly, perform their respective duties, that we need now scarcely repeat it. In justice to Mr. Walsh, the poetical translator, however, we feel bound to say that, in the last number we have received, he affords one more convincing proof of a genius equal, if not superior to his original, and this is no mean praise. The Song commenced in the previous number, under the title of 'Captivity of the Gael'—though for brevity's sake, and for different reasons, we may call it *Shane Bui*—is continued in the present, and Mr. Walsh's version fully realises the highest anticipations we could form from the happiest and most vigorous of his foregoing efforts."—*Wexford Independent*.

"We understand Mr. Daly purposes editing his songs for the future in monthly, instead of weekly parts, as he finds they do not pay the outlay upon their publication in the latter form. We cordially invite public support to his patriotic undertaking. The English versions of the Songs, by Mr. Edward Walsh, are highly creditable to his abilities as a poet. We think them much better than those furnished by Furlong and others for Hardiman's 'Irish Minstrelsy.'"—*Belfast Vindicator*.

"This is an extremely interesting publication of Irish Songs. They are given in the Vernacular with an interlinear translation, and also translated into beautiful English verse. There are historical illustrative notes by Mr. Daly. The publication as a whole, nationally speaking, is a great credit to the country. Many of the songs are written in a spirit of true poetry. But, instead of a critique, we shall give one or two of the songs at random, which will speak more than any thing we could say."—*Cork Examiner*.

"We have received a number of 'Reliques of Irish Jacobite Poetry.' We would wish to have those reliques preserved, but with a spirit and sentiment less reprehensible, and not so likely to foster a bad feeling amongst an irritable people, as we Irishmen are. The 'Sketches' could do all that can be required by the most ardent of Erin's sons, and yet advocate a spirit of peace and reconciliation to the rising generation of both countries. One good, however, will be effected by their publication; and we say good, for we would wish to have it preserved, namely, the desire of learning the Irish language. Is it by their publication that Mr. Smith O'Brien has been induced to study, at this advanced hour of his day-life, the Irish language? We shall be glad to receive the remaining numbers."—*Clare Journal*.

☞ Gentlemen requiring rare Works on Ireland, or having such to dispose of, will find the covers of this publication a most excellent medium for Advertising. Terms will be the same as the other periodicals.

